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WEEKLY

FEBRUARY 17, 1954

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

FEBRUARY 17, 1954

12 FEB 1954

Vol. 21, No. 38

THE QUEEN AND HER PEOPLE

THE enthusiastic scenes which greet the Queen everywhere she goes show not only that the people of the Commonwealth have a great affection for the British Monarchy, but that human beings need someone to look up to and to admire.

Cynicism withers when confronted with the confirmation of that need.

Goodness was a virtue that seemed to be going out of fashion. To say that a man or a woman was good was often to imply that he or she lacked other more attractive attributes.

Yet the Queen's parents and grandparents set a standard of goodness, of impeccable behaviour which more than anything else assured the continuation of the Monarchy in a world of insecure thrones.

The Queen has inherited the dignity and simplicity of her forebears. She is, as well, young and beautiful. She has brought goodness back into fashion.

Her handsome husband and her two children make her a figure who stands not only as the head of the British Commonwealth, but as the example of that happy family life which is the foundation of a nation.

To the thousands who cheer her as she drives by and to those who meet her, she symbolises attainable virtues in an unattainable position. She is thus above the people and yet of them.

The warmth of feeling she inspires is something that is profounder than the clamor of the moment, than the excitement of decorated cities and the fever of crowds. It is felt alike by young and old.

And it gives a meaning to democracy which republics well might envy.

Our cover:

● Our cover shows Her Majesty opening the New South Wales State Parliament. Regal in her beautiful gown of champagne lace, she sat in the President's chair in the Legislative Council chamber at Parliament House, Sydney. The Duke of Edinburgh is seated at Her Majesty's left.

This week:

● The arrival of Her Majesty the Queen in Australia and our comprehensive cover of Royal tour events have so increased the demand for our paper that, although we have printed thousands of extra copies, many readers have been unable to buy it in the past two weeks.

To enable our plant to print many more papers we have omitted our free lift-out novel this week and in succeeding weeks.

● We have rearranged the paper this week to give the latest Royal visit news and pictures on the opening pages.

Further over, on pages 20 and 21, Anne Matheson, of our London staff, who is our correspondent covering the tour, tells what it is like to be one of the accredited reporters keeping pace with the Royal party. Anne, who arrived from New Zealand last week, had a couple of days' respite before the arrival of the Gothic signalled the beginning of another hectic eight weeks.

● The fiction section opens on page 27 with an Alec Waugh short story. Readers of Waugh's novel "Guy Renton," which we published in the issue of December 16, may remember that in it one of his characters reflected that wives with problem husbands were possibly happier in the long run than those with model husbands. He has developed the thought in this short story, "It's Different With You."

Next week:

● Naturally we will continue to feature Royal visit news in next week's paper. Besides the latest pictures of the Queen there are two pages of color devoted to servicemen who are chosen to be in guards of honor for Her Majesty.

Other color pages next week include some remarkable jewellery designed by Salvador Dali, a film pin-up of Greer Garson, and a cookery feature on summer pies.

French author gives advice to married couples

Book review by HELEN FRIZELL

IF Monsieur Andre Maurois isn't careful, some of the maxims from his book "The Art of Being Happily Married" will turn up on the leaves of calendars in 1955.

Not that there isn't a great deal of sense in what he says.

The time-tried proverbs on my 1954 calendar, however, are just as sensible. For instance, the desk calendar advises that "Honey catches more flies than vinegar," and that "What can't be cured must be endured."

M. Maurois in turn tells us that "It is the girl who, out of love or friendship, makes the marriage," that "The honeymoon is a fragile star, unstable, and in danger of turning into a treacle moon," and that "A happy marriage is a conversation which lasts from the betrothal until death, and of which one never tires."

Andre Maurois says in a preface that his book is based on a radio play he wrote, dealing with the life-story of a married couple, and "showing the right and wrong way to behave."

The couple, Philippe and Marise, treated with

the Maurois brand of humor, proved popular with French radio audiences.

Soon afterwards, their author took them off the air, and put them into a 12-chapter book, starting with "Courtship and Conquest" and ending with "The Silver Wedding."

He kept the story in play form, writing it with script-dialogue and stage directions.

Since its publication, the book has been translated into 10 languages.

It's hard to say whether the original, to quote the dust jacket, was packed with "Gallic wit," or whether the translator lost something by rendering the French "Cours de bonheur conjugal" into the English "Art of Being Happily Married."

What can be said, however, is that the book is light, easy to read, requires no great concentration, and that Philippe and Marise are as human as the rest.

Besides, if you are single, M. Maurois offers some tips on trapping the man. And if you're married, there would appear to be a great deal of useful and amusing advice.

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SHE CONQUERS ALL HEARTS

ON this and succeeding pages is a pictorial record of Queen Elizabeth's first joyous week in Australia.



THE QUEEN waves to the crowds as she leaves the State banquet in Sydney with the Premier, Mr. Cahill. She wore a tulle gown embroidered with sprays of wattle.

SHE SMILES



ARRIVING at the State banquet with the Duke, the Queen turns to smile at onlookers. With her rattle-embroidered Hartnell dress she wore pearls and glittering diamonds.



HER MAJESTY (left) at the Lord Mayor's Ball in her wonderful rose-trimmed evening gown of pearl satin.

SMILING WARMLY (above), the Queen moves among patients at the Concord Repatriation Hospital.



SHE GOES TO CHURCH

WITH QUIET DIGNITY the Queen walks from St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, after attending morning service with the Duke. Beside the Queen is the Primate of Australia, Archbishop Mowll. The procession is led by the Archbishop's chaplain, the Rev. H. Hugh Girvan, who carries the crozier.

whichever way you look



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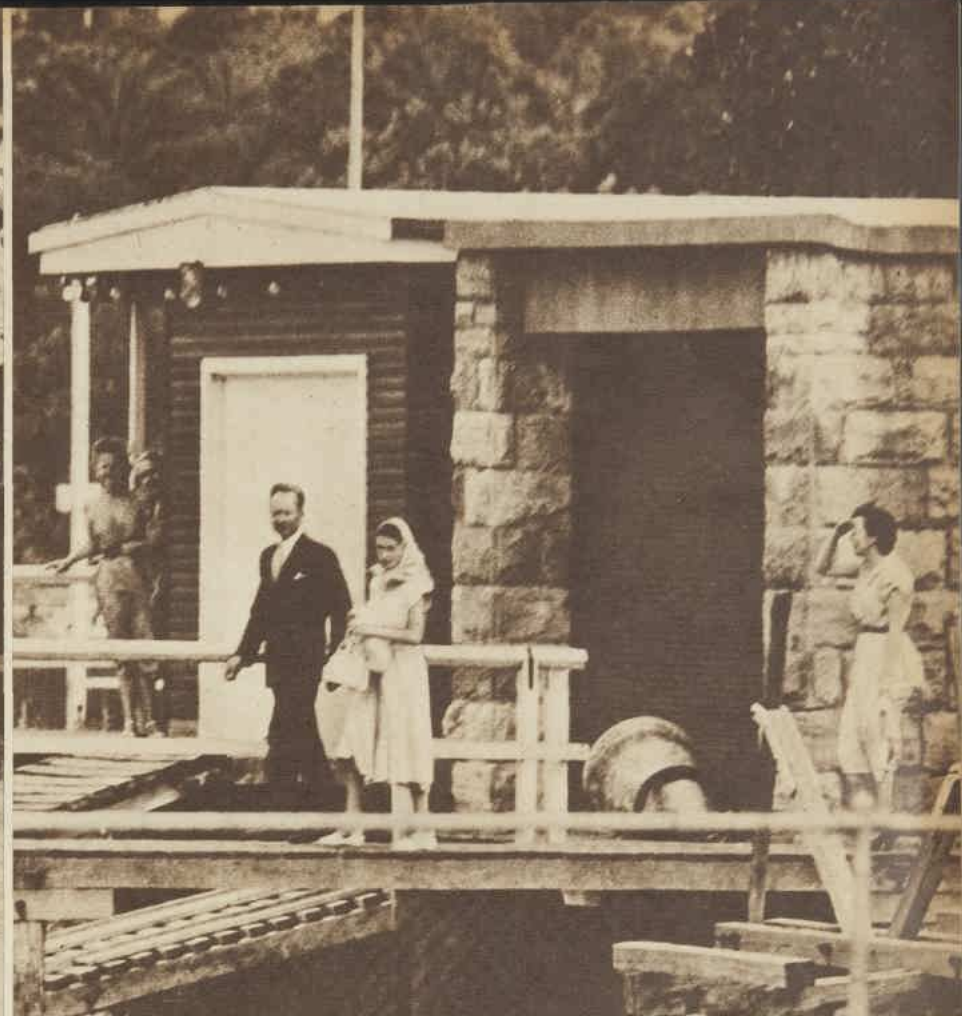
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 17, 1954



ABOVE: Sydney's most envied hosts, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Albert. At right, the Queen leaves after her visit to their Vacluse home.

IN THE SUNSHINE

BELOW: In a land rover, the Queen and the Duke drive to the water's edge to watch events at the Bondi surf carnival, Sydney.



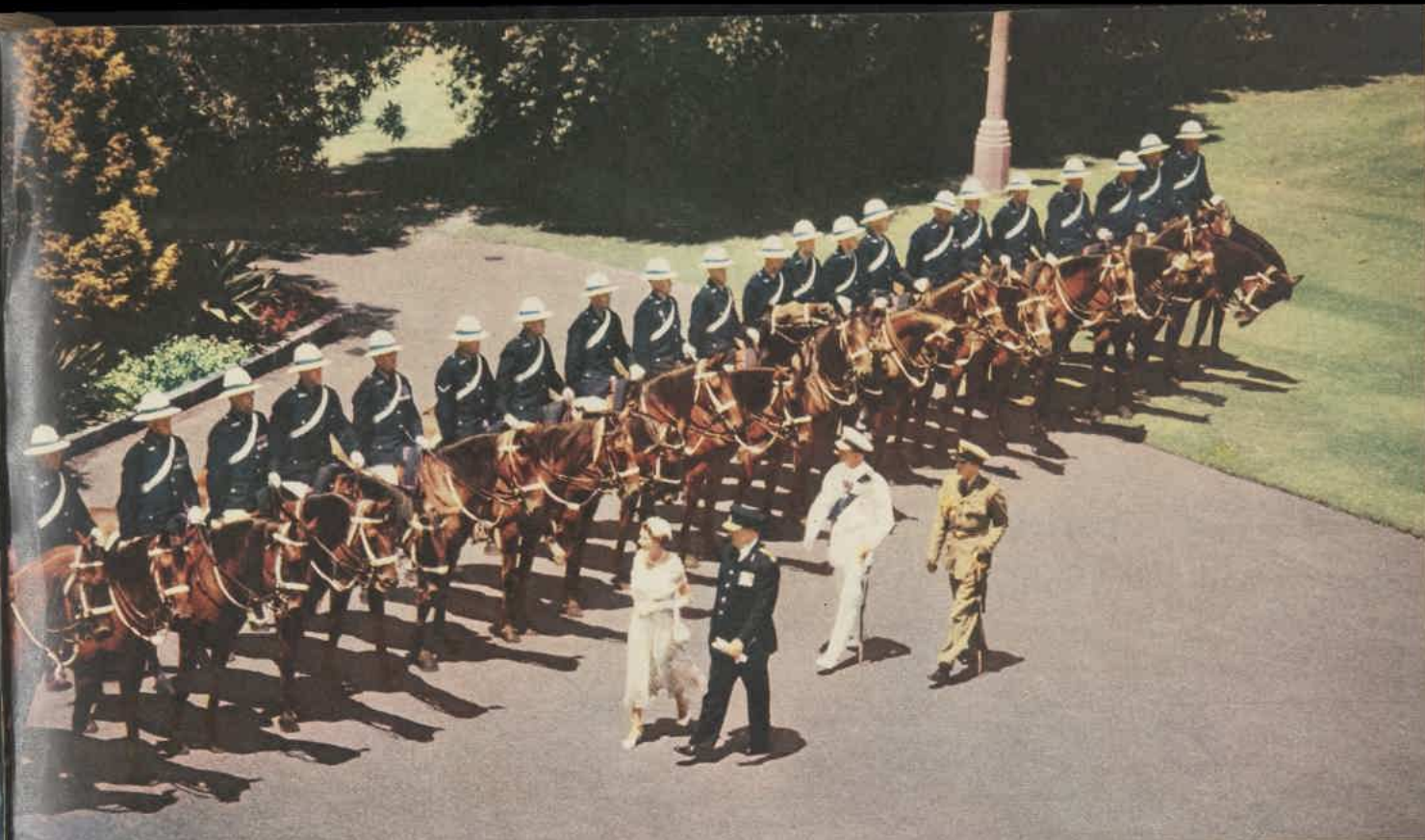
SYDNEY'S ROYAL WELCOME



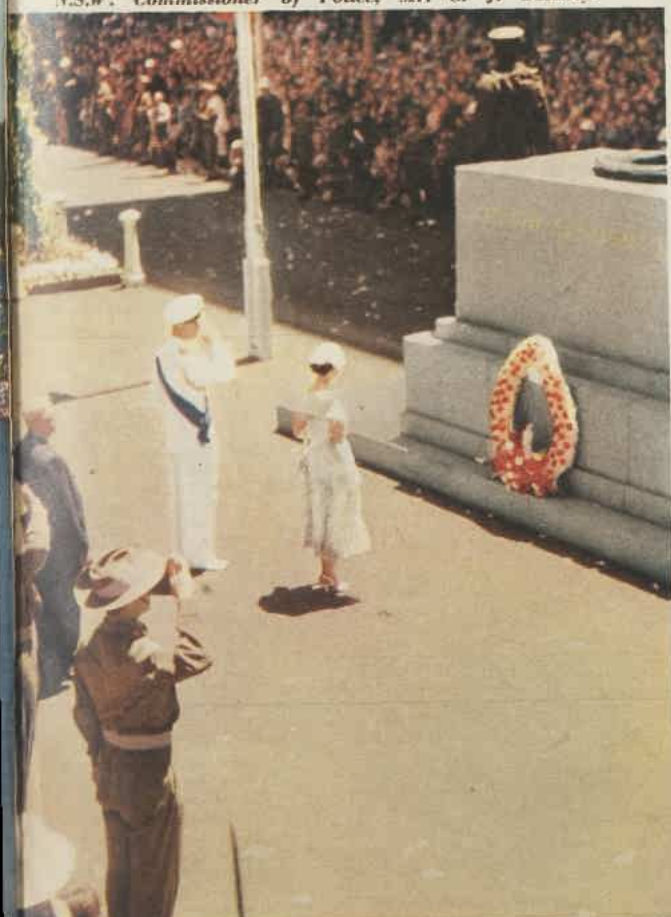
ABOVE: The Royal barge, in which the Queen travelled from Gothic to the pontoon at Farm Cove, passing through the laneway of yachts.

BELOW: The Queen and the Duke leaving the pontoon. In the background are the Botanic Gardens and the skyline of Macquarie Street.





MOUNTED ESCORT. After the Royal Progress through Sydney the Queen inspected the mounted escort in the grounds of Government House. She is accompanied by the N.S.W. Commissioner of Police, Mr. C. J. Delaney.



ABOVE: At the Cenotaph, in Martin Place, the Queen placed a wreath. The Duke is beside her. **RIGHT:** The Queen making her first speech in Australia. She was replying to the address of welcome by the Lord Mayor of Sydney.



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Her Majesty may not dance on tour

It is most unlikely that the Queen will dance at all during her two months' tour of Australia.

By
ANNE MATHESON,
our Royal tour
correspondent

MANY people who were disappointed that she did not dance at the Sydney Lord Mayor's Ball assumed that she was tired.

But the Queen loves to dance, and has often done so in London after a heavy day of official engagements.

A member of the Royal Household explained to me why Australia will probably not see her dancing.

"The Queen is making this tour to meet and to be seen by as many people as possible," he said. "If she danced it would mean that she would spend perhaps a quarter of an hour talking to one partner."

"This, she feels, would deprive several people of the opportunity of meeting her."

"The Queen also likes to have a good view of the gay scene in the ballroom on these occasions and to see all the beautiful dance frocks. This she is better able to do if she remains on the official dais."

"There has been some adverse comment about the number of guests at the ball who gathered to look at the Queen instead of dancing," the official continued.

"I can assure you this criticism is quite unwarranted."

"The Queen realises that people want to see her, especially when she is wearing one of her lovely ball gowns and her jewels."

Formal functions

THE State banquet at David Jones' was the Queen's first evening engagement in Australia, and this and the Lord Mayor's Ball were the two best-dressed functions of the tour.

Her Majesty commented on the glorious flowers which decorated the banquet tables. They were arranged by Mrs. Cecil Phillips, of Asquith, N.S.W., floral artist, better known as Joan Stevens.

After opening a special session of the N.S.W. Parliament on Thursday the Queen had lunch with 600 representatives of women's organisations.

Here the Queen forgot about her diet, chatted easily with those around her, and enjoyed her lunch of chicken, asparagus, and salad, followed by a strawberry meringue.

I know that the Queen and her Lady-in-Waiting were impressed with the women they met.

A member of the household said:

"The women all looked so elegant—just like ladies of leisure, but when we spoke to them it seemed that in many cases they were doing not one job, but two."

When I had looked forward to seeing the Queen in Sydney I certainly never thought I would see her with sand in her shoes at Bondi.

But I did, as one of the incidents of what seemed a most enjoyable day for the



THE QUEEN leaving Legacy House, which she and the Duke visited on Saturday before attending the races at Randwick and the surf carnival at Bondi.

Queen and the Duke on Saturday.

When the Queen stepped off the dais on to the beach, in her white sling-back shoes, and climbed into a land rover at the Royal Surf Carnival, I wondered how she would keep the sand out.

She didn't.

As she stood in the jeep, smiling and waving to the crowds, she showed no sign of discomfort, but I was not surprised to see her slip her heel out of the strap and give her foot a very slight wriggle when she returned to the dais.

That little wriggle seemed to me to set the seal on a care-free afternoon which had delighted the Queen.

She was wearing a frock she had put on in the morning

for the first investiture which she has held in Australia. It was the daffodil-yellow heavy surah silk with the three-fold deep collar and deep band of tucks in the flared skirt.

Once again the Queen was showing good dress sense, for those of us who rushed from Randwick to Bondi in our smart race clothes looked utterly ridiculous on the beach in too formal dresses, unsuitable shoes and accessories.

The Queen's surah silk is a favorite and one she knows she can wear through a long day and still feel well dressed and comfortable. She has worn it several times on the tour when faced with a long and varied programme.

She wore no hat for the investiture earlier, but when she

left for Legacy House later, she was wearing a very pretty little feathered one that exactly matched her dress.

Her jewellery was simple, too—three strands of pearls, earrings, and a small diamond brooch, with a diamond bracelet worn outside her glove.

At Legacy House she saw hundreds of children perform perfectly Legacy's Ceremony of Remembrance—a pledge of loyalty and devotion.

A million or so cheering people lined the route from Legacy House to Royal Randwick, where the Queen saw the Queen Elizabeth Stakes run.

The Queen was very gay and happy at the races. She had a long talk to Harry Darwin, who trained the 33-4 winner, Blue Ocean.

The trainer told the Queen, "Old Blue gave me a very pleasant surprise."

The Duke, who never gets excited over the horses, slipped off to the Western Australia v. New South Wales Sheffield Shield cricket match.

He has been known to describe racing as a "mug's game."

Duke's ruse

HE put on dark glasses, pulled his brown hat well down over his face, and, shielded by a group of plain-clothes men, left the course unnoticed.

I arrived at the surf carnival ahead of the Queen and was not surprised to see young Viscount Althorp, Acting-Comptroller of the Household, making a cine-recording with the Queen's camera.

I was glad of this because the Queen had missed the magnificent march-past. I do hope that the film was color.

Though she missed the march-past, the teams looked magnificent lined up on the water's edge with the surf crashing behind them when Her Majesty arrived to hear "God Save the Queen" sung by 40,000 of her subjects, clad in bathing costumes, suit frocks, and shorts, some with ice-creams and cool drinks in their hands.

It was a real carnival for everyone, and no wonder the Queen and the Duke stayed an extra half-hour.

To end this Australian Saturday, the Queen and her husband went to the Tivoli and thoroughly enjoyed the show, with the added prospect of a quiet Sunday and Monday free of all official engagements.

At the Royal gala performance all the artists were on their toes, and the audience was with them all the way.

The Queen wore a simple, lovely gown of lilac organza, ideal for the hot night, and she looked far more comfortable than the scores of women who had chosen elaborate frocks.

Her necklace was of diamonds and sapphires, and her tiara flashed jewelled lights as she sat in the air-conditioned Royal box.

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Page 12 THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 17, 1954



THE QUEEN, with a B.H.P. executive, leaves No. 3 Blast Furnace, one of the five points she and the Duke visited at the 400-acre steelworks.



ARRIVING AT NEWCASTLE, the Royal visitors are met at the train by the N.S.W. Minister for Lands, Mr. F. H. Hawkins, and Mrs. Hawkins.

VISIT TO NEWCASTLE

THE Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh received a heart-warming reception from the people of Newcastle. Even the rain, which fell for the first time since the Queen's arrival in Australia, did not affect the spirits of the crowds who thronged at the railway station and along the city streets to give a loyal greeting to Her Majesty during the Royal Progress.



THE DUKE shelters the Queen from a shower as they drive in a land rover along the ranks of ex-servicemen assembled at the Sports Ground.



SAILORS of H.A.M.S. Anzac who took part in the city's enthusiastic Royal welcome.

THE QUEEN MEETS SARA QUADS



GREAT OCCASION. The Sara Quads meet the Queen during Her Majesty's visit to Lismore with the Duke of Edinburgh. The Queen smiled and sympathised with Mrs. Sara when the children, confused by the crowds, cried and forgot their bows.



THE BOYS BOW. Mark (left) and Phillip Sara give varying versions of their bow for Royalty during a rehearsal. Although the boys behaved beautifully when they met the Queen, the girls, panicked by the crowds, burst into tears.

Her Majesty sympathised with girls' stage fright, tears

Stage fright took possession of two of the Sara Quads, Judith and Alison, when the four children and their parents, Betty and Percy, were presented to the Queen after the civic reception at Lismore.

THE two girls, Judith and Alison, broke away from their mother and cried loudly as the Queen, with a wide smile, walked up to the children and their parents.

The two boys, Phillip and Mark, were perfectly behaved and remembered the bows they had rehearsed for the Queen.

The Quads had walked in a real tropical down-pour from the ambulance station where last-minute curtsy rehearsals were perfected.

Then the floods of rain and the crowds they had to push their way through upset the children.

Percy and Betty led them on reins. The children wore plastic raincoats — the boys in blue and the girls in red — for the Royal meeting.

Before the Queen arrived it was a struggle to induce the Quads to shed their raincoats, but this was finally achieved just a minute before the Royal car drew up and the Royal Standard was broken above the dais.

The rain-soaked crowds put down their umbrellas when at last the heavy downpour stopped a few minutes before 10 a.m. when the Queen left the Gollan Hotel in her car for the civic reception.

Only once throughout the long reception of the city's dignitaries did the Quads speak.

It was Alison who threw in a cheer as the Queen was replying to the Lord Mayor's address.

The Queen wore a dress and jacket of soft white Aleutian silk sprinkled with pinks.

The material was mounted to give stiffness and the skirt was pleated in deep folds.

Her tiny emerald-green hat

By
ANNE MATHESON,
our Royal tour
correspondent

was trimmed with cherry and beige velvet edging. She wore a three-strand pearl necklace, pearl earrings, and a diamond lapel brooch.

"It must be terrifying for them—all these crowds," the Queen said, and she asked Betty how old were the Quads.

Mrs. Sara went to catch up with her two daughters, who were howling their heads off.

The Queen turned and talked to their father, Percy Sara. "They are lovely children," she said to him. "I understand they are Australia's only quads."

The Queen asked Percy how the Sara family had enjoyed their trip to England.

Percy, with the two boys, had a long talk with the Queen while Betty tried to keep the girls quiet.

But that was useless, and the Queen, laughing, left the Saras and went to receive the head of the R.S.S.A.I.L.A. local branch.

The rain held off while the Queen was on the beautiful curved golden dais that was lined with deep red satin and looked like the prow of Cleopatra's barge.

Although the Sara Quads had arrived in floods of tears to meet the Queen, when she stepped out of her car and the crowds clapped and cheered their good manners were matchless.

They clapped and joined in "God Save Our Queen." Alison practised her curtsy again.

It was a pity they took stage fright at the crucial moment, for their Royal manners were quite perfect up till then.

Before the Queen arrived and before the Quads had settled down to the animated scene, there were tears all round.



SARA FAMILY set off on the long drive from their home at Bellingen, N.S.W., to Lismore for the Royal visit. Betty Sara's hopes that the Queen might notice the Quads were fulfilled. All four children met Her Majesty.



YOUNG SPECTATOR shelters from the rain under her coat while she waits patiently to cheer the Queen during the Royal tour of northern New South Wales.

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ROYAL GALA PERFORMANCE. Mrs. Will Stuart (left) and Mrs. Michael Parker at the Tivoli. Mrs. Parker, who wore a gown of rose-pink satin, is the wife of the Duke of Edinburgh's private secretary.



ROYAL VISIT SOCIAL JOTTINGS

A PART from fleeting glimpses as the Royal party leaves Government House and returns there from tours to country centres, Sydney's next opportunity to fete the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will be on Thursday, February 18, when the Royal Garden Party is held at Government House.

It's been a Royal week, seeing and being seen, which has left as its main impression a vivid mental picture of a Royal couple with an unflagging interest in all that their varied engagements has brought before them.

Most fashion-wise women have followed the Queen's lead and have chosen simple, uncluttered dresses that rely on line rather than ornament. And binoculars win all votes for the most popular accessory.

FIRST boat to greet the Gothic as she steamed towards Sydney Heads was Ajax, and Neville Bishop, who was in command, tells me that it was an unforgettable experience. With about 25 people on board, including Neville's mother, Mrs. F. E. Bishop, and his brother and sister-in-law, Harold and Janet Bishop, Ajax left Vaucluse Bay at 5 a.m. and went 15 miles down the coast to welcome the Royal yacht. Then, at night, they anchored off Athol Bight to watch the fireworks.

Others who joined in the Harbor welcome were Mr. and Mrs. Alan Oldfield in their cruiser Dorallea—with 20 guests on board they started off at 4.30 a.m. and cooked a breakfast of bacon and eggs on the way.

A PREMONITION made Bess Kelly buy a movie camera to take to Randwick on Saturday. Bess races Blue Ocean, winner of the Queen Elizabeth Stakes, in partnership with Mrs. William Kelly, and Dick, Ken, and Rodger Kelly—so, with the exciting race and the presentation which followed, the camera had quite a christening. To celebrate the win, Ken and Rodger, with Sue Snelling, Margaret Burt, Pam Abbott, Shirley Forsyth, Bruce Glass, and Bob Talbot, dined and danced at Chequers after the races.

THE Queen's ladies-in-waiting, Lady Pamela Mountbatten and Lady Alice Egerton, danced at Prince's on Saturday night. Their charming hostess at Government House, Miss Elizabeth Northcott, and her fiancé, Squadron-Leader Russell Nash, brought them on from the Royal G.O.'s Performance at the Tivoli Theatre for supper and dancing.

Wing-Commander Michael Cowan, R.A.A.F. equerry to the Queen, danced with Sheila Collett, Miss Northcott's secretary, and others in the party included the Governor's honorary aides, Flight-Lieutenant John Darling and Capt. Ben Arnott. Across the dance floor Lieut.-Commander Michael Parker, private secretary to the Duke, was in a party with Mr. and Mrs. Anne Will Stuart.



A.J.C. COMMITTEE MEMBER Mr. Strath Playfair and Mrs. Playfair arrive at Randwick for the Royal visit race meeting. Mrs. Playfair wore a dress of white silk shantung taffeta patterned in light donkey-brown.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN and the Duke of Edinburgh take their seats in the Royal Box at the Tivoli for the Gala Performance. The Queen wore a gown of lilac and grey patterned sheer, tied at the waist with lilac velvet, a diamond tiara, diamond and sapphire necklace and earrings.



FASHIONABLE RACEGOERS at Royal Randwick were Mrs. Reg Moses (right) with her daughter Marcia (centre) and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Tiggy Moses. Mrs. Reg Moses wore a dress of dove-grey silk, Marcia's moss-green suit was spotted in black, and Mrs. Tiggy Moses chose an anthracite-grey dress.



AT STATE BANQUET. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Potter arrive at the State Banquet, which was held in David Jones' Restaurant. Mrs. Potter wore a Grecian-style steel-grey gown.



FORMER GOVERNOR - GENERAL. Sir William McKell, and Lady McKell at the State Banquet. Lady McKell's draped frock of grey net was mounted on jacaranda-blue satin.



MIDNIGHT-BLUE FAILE made the gown worn by Mrs. A. V. Maxwell to the Lord Mayor's Ball. Mrs. Maxwell, who is shown with her husband, Mr. Justice Maxwell, pinned a diamond brooch to her corsage.

Yellow



FOR LATE-DAY WEAR, a new fashion (above) is a wrapped turban smoothly shaped to the head, and long gloves, both made in a wonderful glowing yellow satin. The turban hugs the head, like numbers of tiny Paris hats, and dips low at back with a bow completely covering the back hair.



ONE-PIECE in flower-printed silk (left) is the type of dress every chic wardrobe needs, because it is soft and easy to wear. The design gives the new round look to the bodice.



SHAPELY COAT in orange-yellow (above) is perfect over black. It is a coat which can start life at noon and still be good fashion at cocktail time. Note new fullness at back.

has become a Royal Color

The Queen, during the Royal tour, has made special fashion news and aroused a fresh interest in color by her marked preference for all shades of yellow, ranging from a clear sunshine tone to chartreuse with a green tinge.

In compliment to Her Majesty's taste, and because yellow looks cool in summer and warm in winter, we show here some new fashions which have been chosen in Queen Elizabeth's favorite fashion color.



THE QUEEN (at right) looks cool and pretty wearing her favorite daytime color, pale sunshine-yellow. A deep green ruffle-trimmed sunshade is held over her head to protect her from the tropical sun at Tonga.



SMART NEW TOWN FASHION is the short wool coat, three-quarter length, and cut with a loose but narrow silhouette. The set-in sleeves are wrist-length, the collar is small and round, the coat buttons high to the throat.



BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE of the new evening line in a lovely new color combination of pearly-white and golden-yellow. The fitted bodice is trimmed with dazzling embroidery.



SLIM SHEATH DRESS is made in butter-yellow wool. The body is smoothly tailored, subtly shaped to the figure, and finished with a high neckline. This is a perfect fashion to be worn in the first cool days of autumn and later under a topcoat or dark furs.



The dressing table unit and pelmet can be built by any handyman using Timbrock.

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Worth Reporting

BRITISH designers, rather coyly we thought, raised their hemline by an inch when the "Big Twelve" showed their spring collections. It is now almost uniformly 15 inches from the ground, still an inch longer than Dior's short look last season, but an inch shorter than their former length.

Pat Rolfe, our London correspondent, says Victor Stiebel featured all short evening dresses, too, of the same length. Hartnell alone featured the full-length grand ball gowns which have long been the pride of the Englishwoman's wardrobe.

Surprise of the parades, apart from the closely watched hemline, was the return of the ubiquitous silver fox.

Hardy Amies used no less than six feet to wrap round the neck of a model in a short zinnia-pink taffeta evening frock. Cavanagh had silver foxes with grey and beige. Mattli chose black with them.

Much less black, much more navy is the color guide from London, and an insistence on beige, honey, off-white, or what one designer privately described as "the unflattering shades." Practically every designer had a spring chicken-yellow coat in soft wool.

Color accents were extremely vivid used mainly in coat and jacket linings or broad cummerbunds.

Cavanagh lined a white cotton coat with green to wear over a coral frock. He added a cerise collar and mauve cummerbund to a navy ensemble with a green-lined jacket.

TWO style points to watch are collarless coats and soft shoulder-lines.

Skirts, according to Victor Stiebel, are "cigar-slim." When they are full they are often pleated—in sections with plain panels, barrel-pleated or finely knife-pleated.

The blazer jacket did not appear frequently, but was most successful where it did, particularly at Mattli's.

Ronald Patterson, who with Lachasse this season made the "Big Ten" grow to the "Big Twelve," had bulky jackets that tapered but didn't quite touch the hips.

Designers are more daring with their combinations of fabrics. Mattli had a pink hopsac coat over a blue, wild silk dress. He mounted black lace on black wool voile.

Cavanagh had an ensemble of tweed skirt, linen shirt, and three-quarter coat in matching linen with turned-back cuffs in tweed. He used black lace over white tulle for an evening dress and trimmed it with white pique.

Wool and nylon and wool and silk were combined in evening dresses that combined the glow of silk with the subtlety of wool.

London designers have at last discovered sophisticated florals and how to use them. One lovely model was patterned in big, bold hibiscus.



"Answer me, Lydia! Who are you down there with?"

New paintings by Dobell

"THE paintings jump right out of their frames, don't they, dear?" an elderly lady asked us, as we elbowed our way through the throng at the recent William Dobell exhibition in Sydney.

Peering through her monocle and turning the picture up a little to the light, the elderly lady sighed. "They are wonderful, but so dear."

Sir Charles Lloyd Jones, opening the exhibition, said he considered that William Dobell was the foremost painter in Australia today.

And the National Art Gallery of N.S.W. bought one of his small New Guinea paintings, a group of dark-skinned girls called Giluwa, for £600, so Sir Charles is probably right.

Big hats and gossiping matrons prevented us from getting a good look at the paintings, but, by peering first this way and then that and getting our nose right on to the glass, we did have some kind of a look-see, and quite agreed with our elderly lady.

As well as some of the famous Dobell portraits like the Margaret Olley, which won an Archibald Prize, and the powerful Brian Penton, the artist has a completely new group of small and very small New Guinea paintings which are exciting and charming.

"I like the small ones," a pretty little woman said to her friend. "You don't have to change the whole room around when you hang them up." And she looked longingly at a tiny water color of a native village.

Another group of women, shopping bags in hand, halted before a portrait of a well-known Sydney artist.

"Couldn't tell it was her, but lovely just the same," said the one in white. "Didn't she get married the other day? Can't remember who to, but I'm sure she did."



"I miss you so, my dear . . . wherever I look, I see your face before me."

AN English reader, Miss M. Wolverson, of Dorset, has posted to us an old photograph album found in a West Country second-hand bookshop. It contains pictures taken in Australia of crinoline ladies, bearded gentlemen, and pantalooned poppets.

"Your publication of September 16, 1953, carried a feature concerning photographs of the old days, taken by Freeman, of Sydney," wrote Miss Wolverson. "The enclosed album which I picked up in the West Country contains pictures taken by Freeman and many others by Sydney, Melbourne, and New Zealand photographers. Perhaps the Mitchell Library would be interested in the album."

The album is of gold-tooled brown leather, fastened with brass clasps. The photographs have been carefully inserted into frames.

The only thing the album compiler forgot to do was to identify the photographs.

More loyal than inspired

HARDLY a day has gone past in the last month without a Hail-To-Thee-O-Gracious-Queen poem being dropped on our desk or declaimed to us by the writers.

Interestingly checking up on the total, we've found the favorite rhymes to be royal/loyal/regalia/Australia, Queen/seen, glorious/victorious, hooray/pray, and wave/brave.

Many of these verses, loyal enough, were less than inspired.

Schoolboy Anthony Blackshield, of Homebush, N.S.W., sent in an ode which we rather liked because he broke away from banality and referred to "stringing islands that wind around the globe" and to "vast red rocks thrusting up into the sky, in a vain effort to break its hard, hot blue."

Gem of the lot, however, was a ditty, "Our Queen is the Wife of a Sailor," written in 1831 about King William and Queen Adelaide, and sent in by Mrs. Ian Roberts, of Phillip Island. It's just as topical now as it was 123 years ago.

One stanza goes: "To the heart of a lady each Briton aspires, His hand will in danger avail her, Her virtue and beauty he guards and admires, Our Queen is the wife of a sailor."



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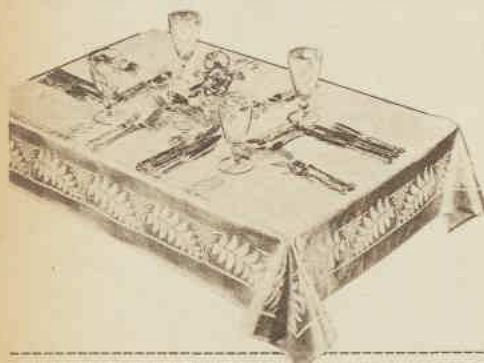
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Reporting the Queen's tour is exhausting, but . . .

Her smile makes it all worth while

By ANNE MATHESON, our Royal tour correspondent

Travelling with the Royal party as a Press correspondent is at times exhausting, at times exciting, but when the Queen at a Press reception says to me with a smile, "Another Royal Tour?", I know I wouldn't want to miss it for anything.

AS an Australian, it is a joy to me to be home again, to be reporting the Royal tour in my own country, writing about the Queen in places that are familiar—places that I love and have been longing to see again, that are just as full of interest after my years abroad as they are to the Queen, who is seeing them for the first time.

It is fun being a Royal tour correspondent on my home ground, going round Australia with the Royal couple and seeing it all again through their eyes.

It means a lot of hard work, late nights, dawn rising, early take-offs. But after reporting Royal tours in almost every part of the British Commonwealth, this is easy.

It is the strain of the unfamiliar that wears you down on a Royal tour. There is the handicap of being in a strange country, not knowing the simple things such as the tram stops, the post office, when the shops reopen (they are always closed for the Royal visit), when—if ever—you can get a hairdo, a manicure, and an iron to press your frocks.

And what a relief it is to know the towns and how to spell such names as Wollomooloo after the nightmare struggle with Maori names such as Ngaurawahia and Ngauranga and the pronunciations of Fijian names.

We've travelled round the world at such a pace there were times when the only real sleep we had was while flying between countries.

And sleep has had a habit of catching up on us at the oddest moments.

Frank Harvey, of the London "Daily Telegraph," dropped off in the middle of a Press conference, woke up and said in a startled voice: "What country am I in?"

He was then at Rotorua, New Zealand. It was at Rotorua we had the first real break on the whole tour.

While the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh rested at Moose Lodge, the journalists and photographers, the radio and newsreel boys were entertained as royally as the Queen or any members of her household.

Some of the men joined fishing parties with members of the Royal Household.

Arthur Brittenden, talented young writer who is reporting



ANNE MATHESON looks cheerful as she arrives in Sydney by plane from New Zealand, ready for more hard work reporting the Royal tour.

the Royal tour for the "News Chronicle," London, went shark fishing with Viscount Althorp and the Duke's detective, Frank Kelly.

They bought a cheap box camera before setting off on a two-day shark-fishing expedition and now make us all envious by passing round amateurish snaps of very professional catches.

But it wasn't all holiday for most of us. There was some news gathering to be done even if we had promised not to snoop on Royalty.

Clean clothes

FEATURES there had been no time to write before were polished off, a marathon laundry service was organised so that everyone left Rotorua as spic and span as the day he left home.

Auckland, overshadowed by the Tangiwha train disaster, was really hard going at times—little short of a working nightmare. I would walk down the corridor to my room to the sound of tapping typewriters and wake up to a

new set of typewriters drilling out the thousands of words that poured day and night through the cable office.

New Zealand, which we had all looked forward to with apprehension, turned out to be a model of perfect organisation, smooth transport movement, split-second time schedules, and a baggage operation that was a joy to everyone.

After carrying never less than an overnight bag, a typewriter, a briefcase, and my beauty box as "hand luggage" on and off planes and in and out of hotels all over the world on the Royal tour, it was sheer bliss to travel through New Zealand and never have to lift even my handbag if I didn't want to.

Flight-Lieutenant Bruce Richards, M.B.E., baggage officer, did such a splendid job that although we moved for five and a half weeks throughout New Zealand our luggage went in advance on every move and was waiting for us in our rooms on arrival.

One evening in Wellington

• Anne Matheson, of our London office, tells the fascinating story of her work as our correspondent on the Royal tour. This is the third Royal tour she has reported for us. She was in South Africa in 1947, in Canada with the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, in 1951, and in 1952 had reached Kenya with the Royal party when the tour was cancelled because of the death of King George VI.

the Queen summoned Flight-Lieutenant Richards and his wife and their two children to Government House and thanked him personally for the work he had done in handling the Royal tour baggage.

Flight-Lieutenant Richards and his assistants had moved 750 pieces of baggage on 16 major moves.

They used three five-ton trucks, three two-ton trucks, one 30-cwt. van, and a Bristol aircraft.

The Royal Household's luggage alone numbered 250 pieces.

The Queen's trunks were labelled with her yellow labels. The Duke's luggage labels were mauve.

Having the right clothes for every occasion and every climate was the biggest problem of all.

We were allowed 88lb. of luggage on our round-the-world tickets, which cost more than £700 sterling.

The five women reporters were worse off than the men, because we needed so many extra clothes for the many functions.

No amount of good planning has ever made for really good dressing.

Shoes have been my problem. At the evening reception in Jamaica my satin shoes, specially tinted to match my gloves and dress, were ruined on the dew-drenched lawns and I had to post them home.

Hard on shoes

SINCE then I've broken the heels on two pairs of shoes specially made for comfort in the tropics.

I have a pair of shoes that snapped at the back the first day I wore them, and I've walked each town looking for a shoemaker but can't find one open.

These are the problems I didn't expect. Ironing has been no trouble—every hotel has had a board and iron.

Joan Reeder, the London "Daily Mirror's" Court correspondent, who is covering the tour for a Melbourne newspaper as well as her own newspaper, has probably the best wardrobe.

She collects her Royal-tour clothes as she goes along.

But Joan flew on ahead of the rest of us, covering Bermuda, skipping Jamaica and Panama, so that there was time to organise her clothes in each place.

The rest of us, leaving each



IN A CROWD LIKE THIS, Anne Matheson often works to get a story during the Royal tour. The picture shows the Queen at the races in Auckland, New Zealand.

country as soon as the Queen had departed, and arriving at the next country never more than a day ahead, have not found even a hairdresser open.

In big cities during the Royal visit, hairdressing salons usually have their appointment books full.

I wash my hair in the bedroom basin in the morning and dry it with the towel before breakfast, but if we have too many early take-offs in Australia I'm going to follow Gwen Robyns' example and wash my hair on the plane.

It was Gwen who thought of this time-saver while flying from Suva to Auckland.

She is a New Zealander living in London, and, as woman editor of the London "Evening News," she is covering the whole tour.

But this only helps over the hair washing. It's having a haircut that is the real problem.

There was a moment in Napier, New Zealand, when, watching the Bowen brothers giving a demonstration of sheep-shearing before the Queen, we thought we might ask them to shear our hair, because it was growing so long.

Washing our nylons is so much a part of life on the Royal tour we are quite accustomed to the men admiring each other's handwork.

"Is it nylon?" you will hear one pressman say to another as he touches the collar of his companion's shirt, or "I've just done my nylons," as he sinks into a seat with a look of satisfaction on a job well done.

Facilities to cover the Royal visit vary in each country but the general pattern is much the same.

There are conferences before the Queen arrives, and the public relations officer in each country briefs us on the local scene.

Positions are allocated to cover each event.

We travel together, usually in small groups whose interests do not conflict.

Watching the Queen closely and not losing sight of the Duke, whose quick eye for the unusual and searching ques-

tions bring the most prosaic function to life — catching their words, and when they have passed, interviewing those to whom they have spoken, keeping a watch on the cars lest we are left behind, is only half the battle when we are travelling by car.

When on the Royal train there is a terrific scramble to drop down on the platform, race along to the official reception, then walk backwards towards the train as the function is over — and it's a scramble.

You jump into the first car before the train pulls out, taking good care it isn't the Royal carriage.

Most of the reporters carry their typewriters with them, tapping out the stories in the car, on the train, in the aeroplane or right on the spot.

The most uncomfortable day's work was undoubtedly at Waitangi.

Those who went in advance had some idea of what the Maoris were doing but for the

And it's one of those things you can do nothing about.

Messages to London from Auckland were being held up as long as 10 hours on the first days of the New Zealand tour.

Correspondents were almost demented. We send our stories from post offices in cities, but on the open road the teleprinter vans follow us, sending our copy off from the spot at 66 words a minute.

All over the British Commonwealth cable and wireless operates, and their boys in uniform are at hand at the function to take the copy back to the cable office or post office.

In Panama, of course, we were catered for by highly competitive American companies. Our messages were sought after, and the service was something to be dreamed about.

Mary Hewat, of the London "Evening Standard," tells a good story of her first message.

"It cost my office nearly £600 sterling to get me to the spot, and they refused to accept my first story." She had forgotten to prefix it with her name.

Mary, who is married to Australian Tim Hewat (she met him on the steps of a Melbourne newspaper office when they were both applying for their first jobs), is a Canadian.

As we leave each country the stacks of itineraries, of working plans, the Royal programme, the flight schedules, the maps and all the literature that give background to the Royal scene litter our hotel bedrooms.

Our brief-cases hold the next country's advance plans and information, and as we fly another ocean we pore over the intricate schedules, grappling with new names, new customs, and new sets of problems.

Every arrival day is one of toil, every departure an emotional climax to a successful Royal visit.

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new "three flowers" face powder keeps skin satin smooth for hours — won't cake or streak

It's the lightest powder you can imagine; so soft, so fine; this new formula Face Powder that covers so well and clings so much longer without caking or streaking. Its smoothness imparts a gentle softness to your skin, veils tiny blemishes, blends perfectly with your skin tones yet livens and lightens their beauty. It will keep your skin lovely from your first make-up till bedtime.

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Fragrant with gay Three Flowers perfume, this talc creation of Richard Hudnut complements the use of Three Flowers Face Powder. Softly absorbent, it gently firms the skin from top to toe — keeps you feeling fresh hour after busy hour, or sends you to rest in comfortable after-bath luxury. . . . 2/9.



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3. Only entries posted to Quiz Kids stations qualify for cash prizes but all entries qualify for final prizes.

4. Contest closes March 31. Local Quiz Kids stations will announce the winners of the \$5 £10 cash prizes on Sunday, April 11 (3A/W/CV, Friday, April 9). The winners of the President Refrigerator will be announced Sunday, April 25. (3A/W/CV, Friday April 23.)

A Family Contest with BIG FAMILY PRIZES! First prize a magnificent, powerful President "88" Refrigerator... plus six beautiful President "69" refrigerators... one to the best entry from each State. In addition, when you send your entry or entries to the station on which you regularly

hear Quiz Kids, you also qualify for one of the £10 Cash Prizes which are to be won for the best entries received by each of the 55 stations. So... it's easy to enter... easy to win... just write 25 words why you like Johnson's Baby Powder!

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DRESS SENSE

● The new unbelted princess silhouette is a flattering 1954 fashion for both a slim and a more mature figure. Crisp pique is chosen for this silhouette in the one-piece dress at right.

THIS fashion news answers the letter below, written by a country reader who says:—

"I LIVE in a country town outback and find the fashions in The Australian Women's Weekly keep us all up to date. The weather is hot here for a long time, and my problem is a paper pattern for a new cotton frock to wear for the rest of the summer. I would like something very new and smart."

The design I have chosen for you is illustrated at right. The silhouette is princess, fitted through the midriff and flaring out to the hemline, a style we will all be seeing and wearing for autumn. By the way, when the season changes, the same design would look equally attractive in wool or silk.

A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. See lines under the picture for further details and how to order.

by
Betty Keep



D.S.69. — One-piece dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 4yds. contrast bias binding. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"COULD you possibly help me with an idea for the skirt of a woollen frock for autumn? I want the skirt to be slim, but not too tight to walk in."

A narrow-line skirt with low pleats at centre back is a popular autumn silhouette. So is a gentle flare from a smooth hipline. "Back details" allowing more comfortable movement is an incoming fashion.

"WHEN the weather becomes cooler, what sort of coat would be suitable to wear at night with a ballerina?"

A street-length coat made in any formal material which has sufficient body to submit to tailoring would be correct to wear with a ballerina-length dress. Either brocade or satin, interlined with flannel for extra warmth, would be an excellent material choice. The design could be fitted to the waist with a spreading skirt, or easy and wrapped.

"I HAVE to attend an evening function and wear an evening frock, and, as I do not possess one, I would like advice about the style. I am in my mid-fifties, not too stout, but I do not want to wear a bare bodice. My daughter suggests lace, but would it have to be black, because I don't look my best in black?"

I don't think you could have anything nicer or more flattering than lace for your evening dress—and it need not be black. Bronze, soft sapphire-blue, and pinky-beige are all colors you might consider; which you choose depends on your own coloring.

The bodice would be best made with a wide but not deep neckline. Have the skirt quite wide (it will make your waistline look slimmer), "bell-ing" gently to the hemline. Have sleeves in the bodice. They could be short or, if preferred, wrist length.

"I HAVE six yards of very pretty floral silk, and wondered if it would be possible to combine it with another material for a full-length dinner frock."

A narrow, floor-length evening skirt of floral silk worn with a black jersey blouse would make an attractive dinner costume. Have the skirt made with a slit centre back (for comfort) and have the waistline finished with several trouser pleats. The latter will give the new rounded hipline without disturbing the slender line of the skirt. The blouse will look chic with an oval neckline and below-elbow sleeves.



ALL UNDER-ARM HAIR GONE in 3 minutes

If you want to look glamorous all summer, make Veet cream a beauty "must." For Veet gently "creams away" every trace of superfluous hair. And with Veet there's no risk of razor cuts or scrapes. No stubble! Not even a shadow. No coarsened regrowth. Skin is left velvety-smooth and hair-free. Remember, ugly, unwanted hair is a definite charm killer. So get Veet. Successful results are guaranteed with Veet cream or money refunded.

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AT CHEMISTS AND STORES

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weak
bladder?

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When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acids and poisonous toxins are deposited in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery.
The wonder-drug THIONINE in MENTHOLS helps cleanse your blood of these poisons and soothes and assists inflamed, overworked kidneys to resume normal healthy functioning.
If you or your suffer kidney and bladder weakness, bad back, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, neuritis, headaches or hot flashes, start the MENTHOLS treatment to-day. MENTHOLS, with diet chart, are 7/6 and 4/- everywhere.

DR. MACKENZIE'S
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CROW CURLY
4 Weeks Treatment
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IF BACK ACHES TRY A KIDNEY HOUSECLEANING

Are you embarrassed by too frequent elimination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as Bladder Irritation, Backache, Swollen Ankle, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Lumbago, Broken Sleep, Circles Under Eyes, are usually due to germ-caused kidney and bladder troubles. The 5-oz dose of Cystex, the new scientific medicine, goes right to work over-coming troubles in 3 ways: 1. Kills germs causing trouble. 2. Gets rid of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates kidney and bladder. Get Cystex from chemist to-day under guarantee satisfaction or money back.



"Now don't you DARE grow out of that till next year!"



"I sell skeleton keys . . . need any?"

It seems to me

BY the time Prince Charles is old enough to make his own Royal tour it is probable that science will have achieved a measure of weather control.

While rain-making and rain-stopping will no doubt engender bitter disputes at ordinary times, they will be most useful for such special occasions as this one.

The days before the arrival of the Queen were, with their uncertain weather, a great strain on all concerned. How those responsible for the decorations stood it I don't know.

The rest of us felt disturbed enough about those brave banners and miles of bunting, and were continually running to windows and peering out at the sky.

You would have thought the entire population had its washing on the line.

ONE of the nicest gestures from one citizen to another that I've heard of so far in the Royal visit:

People I know had a phone call the other day from a girl of the same name (an uncommon one). The girl was a nurse at one of the hospitals along the Royal route, had two tickets for seats which she couldn't use.

"So I thought I'd like to keep them in the family," said the girl. "Yes, I know we're not related as far as we know, but I saw your name in the phone book and thought I'd like you to have the seats."

The result is that an elderly couple who would have had neither the health nor strength to stand in crowds waiting had a good view of the Royal progress in Sydney.

IT will be interesting to see how the new second-class air travel on trans-Pacific services works out.

The two companies operating on the route plan to carry two classes in the same planes. Second-class passengers will have denser seating and a smaller luggage allowance.

There used to be a favorite saying among ship travellers: "You meet more interesting people second-class."

That may be so. It may even be that steering passengers are the most fascinating of all.

The fact that the airways people are going to put two classes on one plane shows that nowadays most people are more forthright and travel second to save money.

You could hardly offer the excuse of "more interesting people" in the confined space of a plane.

BRITISH economists reviewing financial and economic developments last year "find reason for optimism but little for joy," according to the London correspondent of the New York "Times."

That doesn't surprise me at all. Not that I am qualified to pronounce on Britain's financial position, but "joy" is an emotion one simply does not associate with the subject. A joyful economist is practically a contradiction in terms.



Dorothy Dray

THERE is today a widespread tendency to want to change the names of things or people in order to make them sound better.

Many of the moves are made in the belief that conferring a new name will change a fact.

For instance, a letter writer in one of the dailies has proposed that old people be called "senior citizens."

He didn't elaborate the suggestion, but I assume that "junior citizens" would follow as a matter of course. "Intermediate citizens" would cover that elastic category now labelled middle-aged.

I don't know how men would feel about it, but I do know what the female reaction would be.

Intermediate ladies would be infuriated if described as senior. Those who cling too long to junior status would be even crosser if it were suggested that they accept intermediacy gracefully.

In fact, all would be exactly as now.

ALSO somewhat misguided is the thought expressed by the leader of the Queensland Parliamentary Liberal Party, Mr. Hiley, when he said that Queensland would attract more migrants if some of the coast were renamed the Australian Riviera.

I am not personally acquainted with the Riviera, only by films, books, and hearsay, but I do know the Queensland coast. I am very fond of the Queensland coast.

Nevertheless, except that the sea laps it (or bashes it, according to the weather), it does not, I think, bear any resemblance to the Riviera.

If it's the Riviera you want, with Nice and Cannes and characters out of Noel Coward and Somerset Maugham, you will be more likely to find it on the Mediterranean coast, where it belongs.

If you start describing Southport or Coolangatta as the Australian Riviera, visitors may feel that they have been sold wrongly labelled goods.

You might as well call Sydney the Australian New York.

DOESN'T the city look pretty?
You never would think it the same.
Oh, dress does a lot for a city,
Just as it does for a dame.

With banners and bunting adorning
She wears an unwonted glow,
She even looks good in the morning
A triumph, as ladies know.

But night, that's the time to admire her,
When with lights and with glitter she's
dressed,
When her diamonds seem to inspire her,
A town, like a lady, looks best.

You can't tell OAK Powdered Milk from fresh Milk

THERE'S NO DIFFERENCE

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TRY THIS RECIPE

SAVOURY TOMATO:

1 cup sliced onion, 2 tbsps. dripping, 1 cup Oak Powdered Milk, 2 tbsps. flour, 2 cups cooked tomatoes and juice, salt and pepper.

Method: Cook onion in fat until very tender. Mix milk powder and flour thoroughly; add tomatoes (chopped or sieved, if desired) gradually stirring until smooth. Add to cooked onion and cook over low heat or boiling water until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Season with salt and pepper. Add water if thinner mixture desired. Serves six.

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YOUTH SERIES by Kay Melaun

A queenly example

The Queen is the example and pattern for every girl. Every girl who is on the beam knows it.

I say "on the beam," meaning up to the minute, aware of current trends and anxious to keep abreast of them.

THIS is what makes Elizabeth II—quite apart from her sovereignty—the woman of 1954:

She has a job; it's a regal job, but, nevertheless, a job. She has a husband and children. She is Queen, wife, and mother to perfection—yet she is completely feminine.

That is what the world now demands of women.

She is a monarch, yet she is as real, as natural as sunshine.

Paramount among her attributes is a sort of shining good sense that irradiates her every action.

(Why, she even had the good sense, as someone observed, to have a boy first.)

PARAMOUNT among her virtues is goodness. It has nothing to do with being odiously "pi." It is plain, old-fashioned goodness.

This, too, is based on commonsense. It is the commonsense that resolves to do the right thing because this is a complex, busy world, and the easiest way to get along with it is to do the right thing.

You couldn't imagine her with a chip on her shoulder, or being in any other neurotic state.

For she has faith—faith in herself, in her job, in her country, and in life. This steadfast belief is as reassuring as bread and butter in a jittery, distrustful cosmos that functions—metaphorically—on gherkins and soda water.

She is always relaxed. She doesn't compete and try to eclipse anyone.

You might argue that this is because she doesn't need to. But I think that Elizabeth is like that from humility rather than from pride.

SHE is what some people would call a perfectly plain woman. Her figure and style are quiet and slender—nothing superb or stunning. Her complexion is lovely, and so are her clear blue eyes, but her face is under-heavy, the mouth too wide, and the nose too long.

Would anybody look at you if you were in the same room with her? Frankly, they would forget you were alive, even if there were no such thing as a crown in the background.

Because this is a face and figure beside which Ava Gardner is inadequate.

For about Elizabeth is a feminine grace that is like a fourth-dimensional aura. This is why every journalist calls her radiant, why everyone who sees her says: She is beautiful.

Much of her charm springs from graciousness—a sort of inspired politeness that makes her literally unbend to talk to an old woman or a little girl.

THE climate of her marriage is of her choosing, just as it is any woman's. But how perfectly she adjusts the barometer!

She is the Queen, but the Duke has lost none of his masculine dignity for walking two paces behind and beside her. She sees to that.

It's not exaggeration to say that you can tell from the back of the Queen's neat head that most of the time she is aware of her husband's presence, and that she is justly confident that he is watching, not in any spirit of detached criticism, but in order that he might help.

It's easy to explain it away with: "Oh, they're in love with each other."

But Elizabeth and Philip have been married for years, and people don't stay in love unless they deserve it. It is obvious that this couple have sought, found, and made the best of each other's good qualities.

Philip is gay, enthusiastic, impulsive. Knocking about the world in wartime with a title and only a lieutenant's pay is a pretty first-hand way of seeing life.

Elizabeth is shy, serious, sheltered; a listener rather than a talker, one who encourages wit in others by her ready appreciation rather than as a maker of wisecracks.

He has fostered her gaiety. Her most spontaneous laughter is at his jokes.

She has deepened and solidified the serious side of his nature, which few people had suspected under his facade of playboy good looks.

Elizabeth sticks to a mild diet for the best of all reasons—her husband likes her to have a slim waist, and it's silly to let yourself get too fat.

HER clothes? Well, if you were Elizabeth what would you choose?

Let me tell you. Your ambition would carry you away. Nobody would be able to discern you under the latest Paris nonsense.

But Elizabeth suits herself. Neat waists, simple shoes, pretty trims, soft materials are her genre. She reserves magnificence for after dark.

And, strangely, whether in a cotton dress or a glitter of diamonds and Hartnell, she exudes more authentic glamor than a bucketful of Hollywood stars.

A bachelor's opinion:

MARRIAGE-STOPPING MOTHERS

SOME mothers seem to spend most of their time worrying over their daughters. They tend to regard every young man she brings home as another potential threat.

His background is examined. He is put through the third degree, and given to understand that his continued presence will be welcome only if his intentions are matrimonial.

Little does mother realise that the chances of this are greatly increased if he is made to feel welcome and encouraged to warm his feet at the family hearth.

Then, before he knows it himself, he has taken the bait—hook, line, and sinker—as well as the nimble hand that holds the line.

FOR the many who have fallen under the spell of the Queen's charming voice during her present visit the record REC203 will form a very fitting memento. It is a recording of the broadcast speech made on the evening of the Coronation last June. No doubt you heard the broadcast, so you will remember the simplicity of her words and the subdued fervor of her voice, tired as it sounds after the strenuous Coronation ceremony. It is interesting to note on the label that the profits from this disc go to charities nominated by Her Majesty.

DISC DIGEST

ANOTHER Royal visit record, this time from Mantovani and his thrilling orchestra: A coupling of the "Queen Elizabeth Waltz" and "Royal Blue Waltz." Although neither threatens the celebrated waltzes of the Strauss dynasty, you'll find that they combine to make Y6516 a most melodic disc, and a "must-have" for the collector of romantic style waltzes.

THE Fairry Aviation Works Band (disheartening name, but they have a big repu-

tation in Britain) contribute two numbers on A7832: "The Swashbuckler" and "Elizabeth of England." I found the latter a trifle stodgy, but the reverse more than lives up to its name. But perhaps the best band record ever is the LP numbered ODLP7501 by The Royal Marines. You can also hear couplings of numbers from the LP transferred on to 78 r.p.m. discs, and if you want some truly exciting musical pageantry in your own home just listen to the Royal Marines as they swing into "Washington Post," "Blaze Away," "Army of the Nile," and other traditional marches. —BERNARD FLETCHER

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 17, 1954

JEWELS IN THEIR HAIR

● Australian women are excited at the prospect of meeting the Queen. On glittering occasions feminine guests will wear glamorous gowns and jewels. On this page are some women who will wear jewelled head-dresses during the Royal tour.



MRS. JOHN HOWSE (above), wife of the Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Territories, will be present at functions in Canberra.



MRS. PETER CONDON (below), daughter of the late Sir Geoffrey and the late Lady Syme, wears a tiara which was a wedding gift.



LADY FRANCES COLE (above) is the house guest of the Governor of Western Australia, Sir Charles Gairdner, and Lady Gairdner. She wears two diamond clips in her hair, and will wear them during the Royal visit to Perth in March.



LADY GENGOULT SMITH wears a diamond tiara, the wedding gift of her husband, Sir Harold Gengoult Smith, former Lord Mayor of Melbourne.



MRS. J. P. J. McCAULEY, wife of the new Chief of Air Staff, R.A.A.F., in Melbourne, Air Vice-Marshal McCauley, will wear a tiara on Royal occasions.

GIRL'S ORIGINAL PLAN WINS £5

Home Contest design has big kitchen

Second progress prize of £5 in our Family Home Contest goes to 17-year-old Miss Pamela Lawson, of Ashgrove, Brisbane, for a plan which greatly impressed the assessors because of its originality.

THOUGH it has some obvious faults, the plan also has a great many advantages.

The kitchen is the biggest room in the house and is well placed and well planned.

The young designer says that in Brisbane kitchens should catch the morning sun and miss the afternoon sun. She thinks kitchens should command the best view available because of the time spent in them.

The idea of opening up the house to the courtyard is a good one, too.

More than £3000 will be awarded in prizes for the contest, which calls for plans for a family home from amateurs and architects. Amateurs are asked for a ground plan only, architects for more detailed drawings.

Details of qualifications in the professional section and a schedule of requirements were published on January 13, and will be repeated in our next issue.

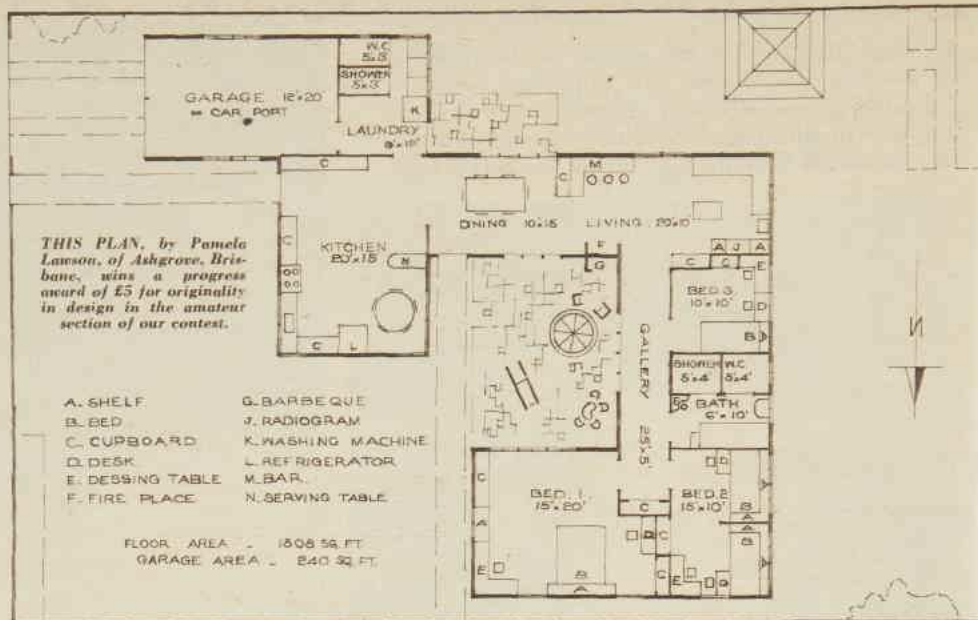
As a ground plan only is required, competitors in the amateur section are asked to send in their plans folded and in envelopes. Elaborately wrapped and rolled plans present a problem in opening and flattening for storage.

The contest is being held in connection with the Fourth Australian Architectural Convention at the Town Hall, Sydney, in May, and models of the prize-winning plans in both the amateur and professional sections will be built for exhibition during the convention.

To enable this to be done, and plans prepared for exhibition as well, entries will close at noon on Friday, March 26.

HOW TO ENTER Amateur section

- Entrants are required to draw the ground plan of a three-bedroom home for a family of five with the sizes of the rooms indicated and the positions of windows and doors marked.
- The house shall not contain more than 1600 square feet of floor area on one or more stories, excluding terraces, porches, and verandahs.
- Site of the home is a corner block of land with an 80ft. street frontage facing east and 100ft. street frontage facing north.
- The position of the main items of furniture in each room must be shown.
- The plan should be drawn on one piece of paper not larger than 15in. x 22in. A smaller-sized sheet may be used.



CONDITIONS

- Please read the following conditions carefully to ascertain if you are eligible to enter.
- No person who earns a living, or has ever earned a living, as an architect, architectural designer, draughtsman, builder, or interior decorator may enter the amateur section of this competition.
 - Finalists will be required to sign a statutory declaration that their plan is their own unaided work and that they have not had advice or help from any architect, architectural designer, draughtsman, builder, or interior decorator.
 - No member of the staff or relative of a member of the staff of Consolidated Press Ltd. may enter this contest.
 - Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received. The decision of the judges will be final, and each competitor will enter the competition on that basis.
 - Exclusive publication rights in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd.
 - Entries should be addressed to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney, and should be marked Family Home Contest.

Prizes and premiums AMATEUR SECTION

For the best plan entered £1000
Three prizes of £100 each for plans judged next best

PROFESSIONAL SECTION

For the best design entered £1000
Five premiums of £100 for plans judged next best

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3 GARMENTS—Instructions for knitting—Lady's Coat Jumper in 3 sizes, Man's Pullover, with or without sleeves, in 3 sizes, Baby's Cardigan in 2 sizes.

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380 ILLUSTRATIONS—Catalogue section illustrates styles for everyone for which instructions are given in Patons Knitting Books. There are also pages of useful information on knitting.



How could Julia
refuse to believe him
when he looked at
her and said . . .

It's different with you

By Alec Waugh
ILLUSTRATED BY DAIGLEISH



HE parked his car on the level stretch of common that overlooked the town, took a small package from his pocket, and tossed it in her lap.

"There it is," he said.

It was a magnificent diamond.

She stared at the ring entranced. There had been times during these past few days when she had wondered whether any of this was really happening.

A month ago she'd not even heard of him. Here was the answer to her doubting. It set the seal upon his whirlwind courtship.

"Darling, it's beautiful."

"See how it looks on your finger."

"You put it on."

She held out her hand, but the ring stuck on her lower finger joint; she had to pull it on herself. Was that a bad omen? Oh, surely not. She flung herself into his arms.

She stretched out her hand so that the diamond glittered. Yes, it was a lovely ring.

"Your mother'll have to admit now that we're engaged," he said.

"Well . . ."

It was a very dubious "well."

He laughed.

"What's she got against me?"

"It isn't you. It's me. She says I'm too young."

He shook his head.

"It isn't that. You're twenty. That's old enough. She thinks I'm irresponsible."

"Well, darling, after all . . ."

"Yes, yes," he said. "I know. I left college without taking a degree."

"But that's six years ago. Mummy feels that since then —"

"Okay. All right. Five jobs walked out of in as many years and no good reason to suppose I'll keep my present one. What's wrong with that? This is a free country. I've got to find out for myself the kind of work I'm suited for."

He spoke with the self-confident bravado that was the core of his attraction for her; that counted more than his good looks.

He had asked her to go out with him the first time they met. On that very first date he had proposed.

"You'd better get this straight right now," he'd

said. "I'm pursuing you with a very definite objective." He hadn't asked her to marry him. He had told her that she was going to. Knowing his own mind, he had made up hers for her.

Yet she could see her mother's point of view. Naturally, she wanted her daughter to marry as she herself had done, someone staid and solid. Michael, moreover, was a stranger.

"Nobody here knows much about you," Julia explained gently.

"Except through gossip. I suppose your mother thinks me wild?"

"Well, aren't you?"

She made her voice sound offhand. He was six years her senior. He must have been in love before.

His arm tightened round her shoulder.

"You were wild, weren't you?" she repeated.

It was against her impulse that her will persisted. She did not want to know, but she had to ask. Don't lie to me, she thought. But, oh, don't tell me. Leave me in the dark.

He smiled, a broad, good-natured smile, a smile that wrapped her in warmth, that seemed to say: Don't worry, silly. Aren't you safe with me? Gently, using his strength, but not exerting it, he turned her round to face him.

"Listen, Julia," he said. "Let's get this straight. I wouldn't describe myself as wild. But I am one of those men who like girls a lot. I enjoy their company. My idea of a good evening is to go out dancing. If I meet a pretty girl at a party, I ask her there and then for a date. And I'm twenty-six, remember?"

Yes, twenty-six. That's where the trouble lay; all those years start of her. She closed her eyes, picturing behind their darkening lids the long succession of girls that he had dined and danced with. No, it was more than she could stand.

He liked girls; he'd go on liking them, even after marriage. She'd be so jealous; every time they went out together she'd be watching him,

To page 34

Julia took the ring from her bag and told him that her mother said she must return it to him.

Don't let your hands
say 'housework'



Use **SOFTASILK**

AFTER PEELING VEGETABLES
AFTER WASHING-UP
AFTER GARDENING

SOFTASILK removes every tell-tale trace of housework and keeps hands romantically soft to touch. Care for your hands regularly with this fragrant Softasilk. Use it as a delicate powder base and to keep your elbows, knees and heels so soft and smooth.



It's handier
in a tube

KEEP SOFTASILK IN YOUR BEDROOM . . . YOUR BATHROOM . . . YOUR KITCHEN

He's got something
to sing about!



This young fellow is really happy about his nappy these days. That's because mother has protected him from nappy rash with gentle, safe "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Smooth on "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly each time you change baby's nappy and you can be sure he'll be twice as comfortable.

Hygienic "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly, is available everywhere.



"Vaseline" is the reg. trade mark of Chesebrough Mfg. Co. (U.S.A.).

Third instalment of our serial by **GEORGETTE HEYER**

DETECTION UNLIMITED

SAMPSON WARRENBY, solicitor and most disliked man in the village of Thornden, has been found shot dead in the garden of his home, Fox House. News of the murder was brought by his niece, MAVIS WARRENBY, who came with it in a state of hysteria to nearby Fox Cottage, where MISS PATTERDALE was entertaining her niece, ABIGAIL DEARHAM, and CHARLES HASWELL.

CHIEF INSPECTOR HEMINGWAY, of Scotland Yard, with his assistant, INSPECTOR HARBOTTLE, is sent to take charge of the case. He receives preliminary reports from COLONEL SCALES, chief constable in the nearby town of BELLINGHAM, and local

police SERGEANT CARSETHORN, of Bellingham, and CONSTABLE HOBKIRE, of Thornden.

He also questions them about the various personalities of Thornden, who include SQUIRE and MRS. AINSTABLE; the vicar, ANTHONY CLIBURN, and his wife; MAJOR and MRS. MIDGEHOLME; young MR. and MRS. LINDALE; solicitor THADDEUS DRYBECK; GAVIN PLENNELLER, cynical author; and LADISLAS, a Pole said to be courting Mavis Warrenby.

Many of these persons were returning from a tennis party given by MRS. HENRY HASWELL, Charles' mother, at the time of the murder, so would have had the chance to commit it. NOW READ ON.

NOT long after the conference in Colonel Scales' room, Chief Inspector Hemingway was eyeing his assistant, Inspector Harbottle, with an air of bitter reproach.

"The trouble with you, Horace, is that there's no pleasing you," he said. "I bring you down, in the middle of the summer, to as nice a part of the country as you could wish for, set you up in a pub which, as far as I can see, never got around to reading the Rationing Orders, and all you do is to sit there looking as though you'd been dragged to one of the distressed areas. I'll trouble you for the outer, my lad!"

Harbottle handed him a green dish fashioned in the semblance of a lettuce-leaf.

"It is butter, too," he said severely. "About a week's ration."

Hemingway helped himself generously. Both men were sitting down, in the otherwise deserted coffee-room, to a high tea reminiscent of an almost forgotten age of plenty. The Sun, though perhaps its oldest, was by no means Bellingham's most fashionable hostelry. It was situated in a back street and catered for commercials.

The rigors of its beds were alleviated by feather-mattresses; it had one bathroom, containing an antiquated painted bath with an old-fashioned plug and a wooden surround; and several of its tiny latticed windows could, by the exercise of careful force, be induced to open.

Since its clients were not persons of leisure, only one sitting-room had been provided for them, and that the coffee-room, which contained, besides one long table, a number of horsehair chairs, a massive and very yellow mahogany side-board, supporting an aspidochelone, a biscuit-tin commemorating the coronation of Edward VII, and an array of sauce-bottles and pickle-jars, several steel engravings in maplewood frames, and a tall vase full of pampas grass.

Meals were not served with elegance or dignified by menu-cards, but the food itself was excellent, and prepared by a large-minded person. An order for tea was understood to include a plate piled with bacon, eggs, sausages, tomatoes, and chips, three or four kinds of jam, scones, a heavy fruit cake, a loaf of bread, a dish of stewed fruit and one of radishes.

Sergeant Carsethorne had recommended the place to Chief Inspector Hemingway, a circumstance which was causing that cheerful officer to take what his assistant considered a roseate view of the sergeant's ability.

"And I'd like to know how they come by all that bacon," added Harbottle in a sinister voice.

The Chief Inspector poured himself out another cup of tea and lavishly sugared it.

"Why you ever went in for homicide

beats me," he remarked. "What you ought to have done was to have got yourself a job as a snooper for the Ministry of Food. What's it matter to you how they come by their bacon? I didn't hear you making any bones about eating it. Have another cup of tea!"

Harbottle accepted this offer, and sat for some minutes stirring the brew meditatively.

"It's all very well being sent into the country," he said suddenly, "but I don't like this case, Chief!"

"That's because you've got an inferiority complex," responded Hemingway, unperturbed. "I thought there'd be trouble when they started talking about the squire. It set you off remembering the days when you were one of the village lads and touching your forelock to the squire."

"I did no such thing!" said his indignant subordinate. "And what you see in this case to be pleased about, sir, I can't make out! Seems to me it's either going to be so easy that this local sergeant you think so well of might just as well have solved it for himself; or it's going to be such a snorter that we shall never get to the bottom of it."

"It's got class," said Hemingway, selecting a radish from the dish. "It's got a good decor, too, and, barring the Pole, I like the sound of the dramatic personae. It isn't every day you get a murder among a lot of nice, respectable people living in a country village. Of course, I daresay Snettisham will dig up some character with a record as long as your arm, here in Bellingham, who'll turn out to be the guilty party, but so far it looks a lot more promising than that. It's got what you might call possibilities."

The inspector frowned over these. "The Pole—which you wouldn't like!—and the niece, which the Chief Constable laughed at. I didn't reckon much to any of the others. Except that I'd like to know why the Chief Constable shut up so tight when Carsethorne started on the solicitor—Drybeck!"

"Because Drybeck's his own solicitor, and he plays golf with him every weekend," replied Hemingway promptly.

"Did Carsethorne tell you that, sir?"

"No, he didn't have to. It's standing out a mile. The Chief Constable's on friendly terms with most of the people mixed up in the case. That's why he was so prompt in calling us in, and I'm sure I don't blame him."

Harbottle shook his head over this evidence of the frailty of human nature, but he appeared to accept it, and relapsed once more into meditative silence. The frown deepened between his brows; he presently said abruptly: "There's one thing that strikes me about this case, Chief."

"What's that?" asked Hemingway, out

looking up from his study of the plan of Thornden.

"Well, it seems to be fairly well established that the shot was fired from close to that clump of gorse. How did the murderer know that the deceased was going to be so obliging as to sit down on that seat in his garden at just that time of day?"

"He didn't," replied Hemingway. "He probably didn't even know he was going to have the luck to find Warrenby in the garden at all. You think it over, Horace. If the murder was committed by one of the people at that tennis party, he knew Miss Warrenby wasn't in the house, and it's a safe bet he also knew it was the maid's day out. He may have thought Warrenby was likely to be in the garden on a hot June evening, but it wouldn't have mattered if he hadn't been. You've seen the house; it came out good and clear in one of the photographs. It's got long french windows, which would be bound to be standing open on a day like that. As for the time, that didn't matter, either. If the Pole did it, obviously it couldn't have, because he must have had to lie up waiting for Warrenby to show himself for nearly a couple of hours. Which is one reason why I don't, so far, much fancy young Ladislas."

"The more I think of it the more I can't help feeling it must have been someone who wasn't at the party at all," said Harbottle. "If it was one of them, where was the rifle? If it had been a cricket match, we could assume it had been all the time in the murderer's cricket bag; but what would anyone take to a tennis party which could possibly hold a rifle?"

"Nothing, of course. That's quite a good point, Horace, but there's an easy answer to it. If the murderer was at that party, he knew the locality well, and somewhere between the Haswells' place and Warrenby's he had that rifle cached where he could pick it up easily at the right moment. You're a country man! You ought to know it isn't very difficult, where you've got woods and hedges and ditches."

"Yes," admitted Harbottle. "If it turns out to be like you describe."

"Well, we shall soon see," said Hemingway. "Carsethorne's coming round here before six to pick us up and take us out to Thornden. They've had a chap keeping an eye on Fox House ever since yesterday, and Miss Warrenby wants him to be removed as soon as convenient, on account of the maid, who says she can't stay there with a policeman on the premises. Nice reputation the police have got in these parts!"

"People don't like having police in the house," said the inspector seriously. "It isn't respectable."

"Well, once I've had a look at the scene and gone through any private papers there may be in the desk he can

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Illustrated by

Frank Bock

"These are two detectives from Scotland Yard, but you've got no need to be alarmed," Mrs. Midgeholme told Mavis bracingly.

be taken off. I don't want to lose that girl a maid, even if she did murder her uncle, which we don't know after all. Warrenby had a London solicitor, but beyond drawing up his will he doesn't seem to have done much for him. He's fishing in Scotland at the moment, anyway; the Chief Constable had a word with his clerk, and then with Miss Warrenby, who said she was sure her uncle wouldn't have minded us doing whatever it was our duty to do. So we don't have to lug this bird back from Scotland before we can get on with the job."

"What about the will?" objected Harbottle. "It was in Warrenby's safe at his office. This London lawyer is one of the executors, according to what his clerk told the colonel, and Miss Warrenby's the other. Which made it all plain sailing. It was opened in her presence, and I can go through any papers there may be in her presence, too. And when we get through at Fox House we'll call on Mr. Drybeck. We don't want to start a scandal in his office by going to interview him there tomorrow."

This programme was carried out. At the appointed hour Sergeant Carsethorne arrived with a police car, and twenty minutes later the Chief Inspector was enjoying his first view of the village of Thornden. A game of cricket was being played on the common, but the village itself was wrapped in a Sunday stillness. The sergeant drove up to the crossroad

to enable Hemingway to see where Wood Lane turned out of the High Street, then he drove back to Fox Lane.

Before entering the garden of Fox House, the three men, leaving the car, climbed the rising ground of the common to where the gorse bushes stood. From this point of vantage quite an extensive view could be obtained over the common, which stretched away eastward in the general direction of Bellingham. It was dotted over with similar clumps of gorse and a great many blackberry bushes, with here and there one or two trees, mostly silver birches.

Away to the north, close to the Hawkshead road, some fencing raised off a gravel pit which, the sergeant told Hemingway, had recently been opened up by the squire. He explained that the common was not Crown land, but manorial waste.

"All the land here used to belong to the Ainstables, except what the Plennmellers had west of the village, but you know how things have been for people like them ever since the First War. They say young Plennmeller doesn't care, but the Squire's a very different sort of man; he'll carry on while he lives. It's likely to be a bad lookout when he dies, though, because it's not to be expected that the next man will work like he does to keep things going. Lost his son in the last war, you know. I'm told the place'll go to a nephew or a cousin, or something, who never comes

near it. Well, he couldn't, really; he lives in Johannesburg. Not at all the sort of squire Thornden's accustomed to."

He added admiringly: "I reckon you've got to hand it to Mr. Ainstable. It fairly knocked him out, the young chap's being killed, but he's carried on, stiff-backed as you please, doing everything he can, like starting up that gravel-pit, to keep up the estate. Over there's his new plantations; he's had to sell a lot of timber."

Hemingway nodded. "Not many left now like him," he remarked, turning to survey the garden of Fox House. "Well, it would have been an easy shot," he said, his eyes on the seat under the tree.

They travelled on up the lane to the stile at the top of it.

"You see, if you was to crouch down you couldn't be seen from the stile," the sergeant pointed out.

"No. Seems to be woodland beyond it."

"That's right; Mr. Haswell's spinney. The footpath skirts it. It used to be all woodland from the common up to the vicarage meadow—you can't see that from here, but it's behind the grounds of Fox House. Of course, that's a long time ago now, but they say those fine old trees you can see were once part of it. Makes you think, doesn't it?"

The Chief Inspector was certainly thinking but if the subject of his thoughts was an

ancient forest he did not say so. After looking about him in silence for a few moments he said briskly, "Well, let's get on!" and led the way down into the lane again.

The arched and massively built front door of Fox House stood open, allowing a view of the hall and of the carved staircase at the end of it. The floor was of black oak, and had two Persian rugs thrown down on it. An old chest stood under the window opposite the front door; there was a warped gate-leg table in the centre, and several high-backed Jacobean chairs were ranged against the walls. One or two sporting prints completed an interior that seemed to represent a period piece rather than the owner's individuality.

"Mr. Warrenby furnished the place regardless when he bought it," confided the sergeant. "He had a man down from London to advise him even." He tugged an iron bell hanging beside the front door.

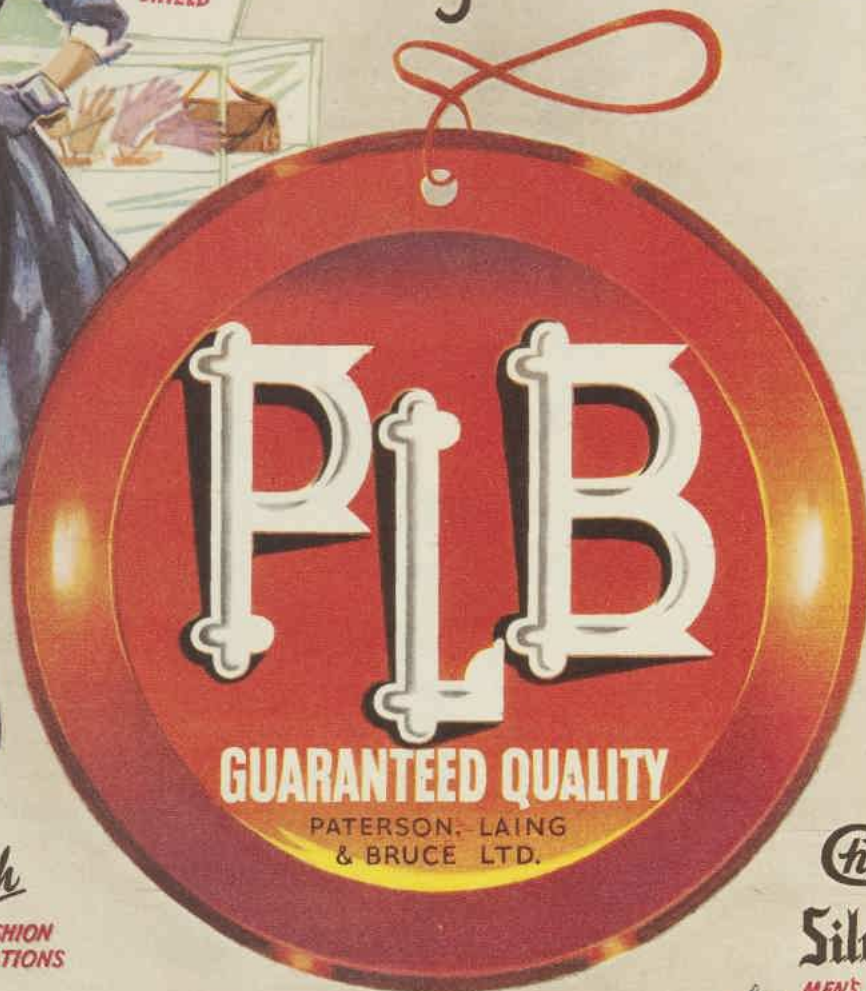
The effect was instant and unexpected. Furious yapping arose, and through the half-open doorway on the left of the hall skidded two tawny and determined defenders. One of these made threatening darts at the intruders; the other stood squarely before them, uttering slightly wheezing barks.

"Now, now, Peekaboos!" called a fondly

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There was no need to ask her anything at all, the answer he had wanted was there, shining in her eyes.

Your Face Before Me

THE house seemed very quiet. John put down his book and looked over at his wife. "Where's Sue?" he asked her.

Martha smiled faintly, her eyes lowered on her sewing. "Getting dressed for David. She's wearing the new hat."

"Well, well," he said. "So tonight's the unveiling." And now he smiled, too. It was almost as if he could see his daughter trying on the new hat at that moment in her room, her eyes dark and absorbed as she leaned closer to the mirror.

He shook his head. Five guineas for that little scrap of silk and veiling! It was crazy! He couldn't afford to give it to her, of course—not on a history professor's salary.

No, she had worked for the hat after hours at her office, putting in eight after night of dreary filing. And every few days, Martha had told him, she had gone into the milliner's to make certain that the hat was still there, that her tiny deposit had been enough to keep it from being sold.

There was a stir at the doorway now and he looked up. Sue stood there, her face framed by the new hat. She was standing very still, in a kind of shy waiting, and there was something in her face that made his breath catch.

Martha was exclaiming something about the hat, but he didn't hear the words; he could only sit there, looking at Sue as if he had never seen her before.

She must have sensed it. "Pop," she said. "What's the matter? Don't you like it?" But at that moment the doorbell shrilled and she jumped a little.

And when David, big and dark, came in a few moments later she stood in that unnaturally still way, smiling faintly as she looked at him.

David exchanged greetings with John and Martha, and then turned to Sue. He stared. "Sue," he said finally. "You look —" He shook his head.

The color came back to Sue's face; she gave a little laugh. "Let's go," she said. "I'm all ready."

After they had gone, John looked at Martha. "Perhaps it was worth it," he said. "It's quite a hat, all right—I never saw her look like that before."

Martha looked up at him and then down to her sewing again. "Yes," she said. "It was worth it."

The room was very quiet. They sat like that for a long time without speaking. John did not pick up his book again. Finally, he looked over at Martha, seeing her rather angular, pleasant face; the familiar curve of her chin; the smooth brown hair beginning to turn grey. She looked tired.

And he thought, as he had thought so many times during the past few months, how does she feel about me? Does she love me—really love me still? Or had their marriage become merely an accepted habit with her?

He leaned back and closed his eyes, a kind of emptiness inside him. It was hard to tell with her. They were both quiet, unobtrusive people, reserved in their ways. Any deeply emotional revelation embar-



assed them; they were not given to making sentimental speeches. Yet there were times when he wanted to turn to her, seeking some assurance that—

"John."

He opened his eyes and saw that she was looking at him. She put down her sewing and stood up.

"Come up to the attic with me," she said. "I want to show you something."

"The attic?" he said. "Is it another leak? Can't it wait until morning?"

She shook her head. "I want you to see it now," she said.

He rose with an effort and followed her up the stairs. A feeling of depression settled over him. The house was getting so shabby, so run-down, no matter how much extra time and work he gave it.

At the top landing, Martha turned to the attic door, her hand reaching for the knob. Through some trick of light and shade her body was caught in the fluid line of a young girl, delicate and pure.

To John there was something in the curve of her cheek, the arch of her white neck that caught suddenly at his heart, twisting it a little.

His hand went out to touch her arm. "Martha," he said. "Wait."

She turned her head and looked at him. "Yes?" she said. "What is it?"

"Martha, I—" There were so many things he wanted to say. He wanted to tell her that nothing had changed with him over the years except that his love for her had grown deeper, warmer inside him; he wanted to tell her how it worried him that he had so little to offer

her when he wanted to give her so much.

Now he looked down at her face, seeing the fine lines, the pale shadows under her eyes, but the words he wanted to say locked in his throat.

His hand dropped to his side. "Nothing," he said. "Let's see that leak."

She opened the door. He stood motionless, staring inside. The jumble of old furniture and dusty trunks was gone; the room had been transformed.

It was a study now, with curtains at the window, chairs and reading lamps; a rug on the floor. It looked warm and quiet—welcoming.

He turned to Martha in a daze and saw that she was looking at him, the color rising in her face. "Happy

John looked at his daughter's new hat and stared as if he had never seen her before. "What's the matter?" asked Sue, sensing something strange. "Don't you like it?"

He moved slowly about the room, murmuring: "Beautiful—it's beautiful," touching everything blindly with his fingers. How she must have worked to make the room possible! And it had cost money, too—she must have given up something for herself to pay for it.

There was the sound of a door slamming below them and then Sue's voice calling out: "Mummy? Pop? Where are you? Come on down!" She sounded excited, and as John stared at Martha in bewilderment he could hear David's deep laugh from downstairs.

They left the room and, at the first landing, John looked down and saw Sue's radiant face upturned to them.

"We're engaged!" she shouted. "We're going to be married!"

The next few minutes were a blur; there were joyous cries and exclamations and laughter. John kept pounding David on the back, and Sue wept a little, while Martha ran to the sideboard for the brandy they had been saving for a great occasion. When Sue went to help her, John turned to David, chuckling.

"Well!" he said. "Sue's new hat must have undermined your resistance."

David looked blank. "New hat?" he said. "Did she have on a new hat?"

John stared at him. "You didn't notice it?" And suddenly, in his mind, he could see Sue in the musty office working night after night.

"Look," he said hurriedly. "Don't tell Sue, whatever you do. I— But there wasn't time to say anything else. Sue and Martha had come back.

Long after that, when they were getting ready for bed, John turned to his wife.

"It was quite an evening," he said. "First my birthday present, and then Sue and David—"

Martha sat on the bed in her dark dressing-gown. "I'm so glad you liked your room," she said. She leaned forward, her lips parted. "Did you really like the desk?"

"The desk?" He stared at her.

She looked away, smiling in a bemused way. "I found it in an old furniture shop," she said. "It needed scraping and staining—it was a lot of work. But it was such an important piece—that's why I put it right in the middle of the room like that. You always wanted a desk of your own, John."

His eyes went dark as he looked at her. I didn't see it, he thought—I didn't see anything in the room. He had seen only her face and what was written there.

And now he suddenly thought of David, heard him say blankly: "New hat? Did she have on a new hat?"

He smiled; it seemed to him that he could not stop smiling.

Martha looked a little anxious. "You did like the desk, didn't you?"

"It was beautiful," he said. "It was the most beautiful desk I've ever seen."

(Copyright)

Husband made to order

So now Betsy knew the answer . . . all she had to do

to get the ideal man was to dream him into existence

At nine Betsy phoned and the Men weren't there. At five past she phoned and the Men weren't there. She kept alternately phoning and doodling on her pad. At nine-twenty, Mr. Bergman answered. "Betsy," she croaked.

"Betsy?" her best boss doubted.

"I know. You thought it was Tallulah Bankhead. It's virus flu. Struck last night. The doctor's left a miracle drug. I hate to leave you in a hole with those horses!"

This wasn't delirium. Mr. Bergman had a job building a stable for New York's Police Department. And Betsy'd promised to look into horses for him. Their facts of life, relevant to planning. It wasn't the usual thing for a secretary. But then, Betsy wasn't a usual secretary. She was the eagerest of secretarial beavers.

Mr. Bergman groaned. "This office will go mad. And just when I have nonstop appointments." Then he remembered to have sympathy. "Forget it. Get well fast. Wait a minute—here comes Mr. Knight."

Mr. Knight was more hectically reproachful. "You certainly picked a fine time for it," he told her. "Mrs. Flanders is having a baby!"

"Right in the middle of the house?" gasped Betsy. The Flanders' house was midway through construction.

"Means new plans," Mr. Knight said. "And no one here to telephone builders."

"I'm sorry. It's awful!" she grieved hoarsely.

"Well, I guess you can't help it," he conceded.

Having broken her news, she lay back in bed, feeling terrible. She was hot and cold, she ached and she worried. She was never one to let people down. On the contrary, she was the original Girl Who Gets Let Down. In swift succession a slight parade of people who had rather dramatically let her down seemed to flit, fever-bright, across the ceiling of her bedroom.

First, her sister Marie of the violet orbs and the lashes almost long enough to sweep things with. "Oh, Betsy," she was nagging in her fascinating way, "Do it for me!" And their parents chorused, "Do it for her!" For the apple of their eye, their sweet Marie. And Betsy did it and Marie skipped out scot-free . . . Hard on her heels came Norman, handsome, Cornell halfback. And she, fond Betsy, helping him with homework, trying to bulldoze something through that handsome head. Next, he was romancing with the Other Co-ed. Exit Norman, handsome halfback . . .

At once, enter Harlan Tremaine, fair-haired wonder boy of television, whose Girl Friday she'd been for two full-to-bursting years. Friday to Friday and sometimes Saturday and Sunday.

"You're wonderful, Betsy. There's just no place I can't get, with a swell little aide-camp like you." . . . "Betsy, got my Tux back from the cleaner? Black tie tonight."

"Betsy, darling, send her orchids, will you?" . . . "I've got news, Bets."

"How exciting! I hope you'll be very, very happy." (Bury the never-even-formulated hope, omit flowers, and walk—don't run—for your severance pay.)

I need breakfast, she told herself firmly. Her flesh was unwilling, but she dragged it to the kitchen. Efficiently (oh, yes, she was efficient) she boiled water for both coffee and hot lemon drink. Milk in the vacuum flask for lunch. Bread, which she bet she couldn't swallow. Butter. Stop at the bathroom to gargle. Lipstick for morale. Twack the bright hair up. Plump the pillows. (A self-service Florence Nightingale.) It would be so nice to have someone to come home to her!

Come on, no sad songs. She switched on the television. Nothing happened. Oh, of course, she'd blown a tube or something. So she turned on the radio instead. A dynamic male voice came pouring out.

DYNAMIC VOICE: "Yes, this Magic of Believing, which has brought amazing happiness to thousands, is a Science, an exact proven Science! Let me explain, in a nutshell. Our universe is vibrant with waves—heat waves, light waves, electronic waves. So, you and I, being part of the universe, are also ceaselessly radiating waves. In other words, each and every one of us is a Human Sending and Receiving Set—all with a universal hookup! Once you grasp and Learn to Utilise this basic truth of nature, you can astoundingly Change Your Whole Life!"

"Wheel!" said Betsy, choking down her breakfast. "At that, my life could do with a little bit of changing!"

DYNAMIC VOICE: "Would you like to be more radiantly magnetic? You know, you literally have a magnetic field, known to Psychic Science as your Aura. By your thoughts you make your Aura strong or weak. Negative thoughts get weak or negative results. Plus thoughts mean plus vibrations—Success! In this series, I shall teach you how to plus-charge your attractiveness—by harnessing your mighty powerhouse of Subconscious Mind!"

"Sure, you teach me!" agreed Betsy. Then she had a fit of sneezing. When she recovered Dynamic Voice was saying, "In a recent experiment, a female moth was released and three miles away a male moth was drawn by her aura—and unerringly flew to her!"

"Never let it be said," said Betsy, "that what a lady moth can do, Betsy Williams cannot do."

Dynamic Voice now brought his broadcast to a close by asking, "Have you a Heart's Desire? I shall deal with the three major steps to fulfillment. First: How to Visualise Precisely What You Want, writing exact details on cards which you will keep constantly near. Next: How to Charge Your Battery of Belief by positive suggestions, 'I can get it! I can get it! I can do it!'

Finally: How to Project Your Will, till, by the law of telepathy, you will Attract the Object of Your Longing!"

When the programme, one sponsored by a pie-mix maker, ended, Betsy swallowed her miracle pill and, this being her day for scientific witchcraft, she started playing Magic of Belief. This was fine, feverish fun, exactly suited to 102.4 degrees temperature.

Now then, what is my deep desire? She took the phone pad and sat up rather sharply. For while waiting for her bosses, what had she been doodling? Seven rows of tidy hearts. Hearts with arrows, arrowless hearts, and one crisp row of hearts and flowers.

Mr. Freud, I am licked! She said. Subconscious, here I come! And printed in large clear letters:

SPECIFICATIONS FOR AN IDEAL HUSBAND WHOM I'M GOING TO BELIEVE INTO BEING. She added with a positive flourish: (I CAN GET HIM! CAN GET HIM! CAN DO!)

1. RELIABLE. Always and all ways. So dependable, makes Gibraltar look like jelly.

2. MUST STAND ON HIS OWN FEET. Do his own things. None of that Betsy-do-it-for-me business.

3. CLEAR IN HIS DIRECTION AND WITH HIS SIGNALS. No more confused, confusing males.

4. ATTRACTIVE—BUT NOT HANDSOME. Through with glamor lads.

5. HONEST.

6. INTELLIGENT.

7. HUMOROUS.

8. COMPANIONABLE.

9. MECHANICAL. (He'd better be, since her own intuitive approach to fixing things consisted chiefly of shaking and hitting. There was a clock in the living-room this minute—always a stubborn thing—that wouldn't respond to this treatment. She could use a handy man around the house.)

10. STANDARD OF LIVING GOOD; STANDARD OF LOVING SUPERLATIVE!

She read this over, smiling, and sighed. Honey, are you something! Her eyes felt as heavy as marbles. She lay back and groggily pictured all the things she and Ideal Guy could do. Things she couldn't do with anybody else. Like exploring New York, as born New Yorkers didn't.

And now they were cosy in her living-room, just leisurely laughing and talking. And drinking cider from her home in Maine; no one she knew (so far) liked cider. And now he was fixing her clock and she hanging over him admiringly. And now he reached out—he reached out—and what happened next she never knew, for all of a sudden she woke with a start. And she was strangely weak and terribly hungry!

So hungry and too-sunk to do anything about it. If only this were Tuesday, Lizzie's day! But it was Wednesday, when Lizzie cleaned up on the twelfth floor, at the Jacksons'. She'd just about be leaving now.

Look here, Betsy thought with clear feverish logic, how'm I ever going to dream me up a husband if I can't even Believe Lizzie down two flights? So she lay there intently Believing. Believing Lizzie into the back elevator. Out of the back elevator. Lizzie! Come to me! She saw Lizzie's key turning in the lock—and she was walking in—Come to me, Lizzie!

And with a shock, she popped out of a fresh doze. And there was Lizzie standing in the doorway!

"What?" Betsy cried, jerking up. "Sh!" Lizzie soothed. "Poorah! sick Miss Betsy!"

Betsy blinked. "But, how'd you—" "Spirit very live. Besides, you don't look so good yesterday. Why you don't phone up? Trouble with you, you got no confidence. Always afraid to ask for something. Now I fix you li'l soup, with egg beat in?"

"Wonderful," said Betsy, not referring to soup.

For the duration of the virus, Betsy listened every morning to the Scientific Magic of Believing Hour. On her first day back at work, in the elevator, swooping down towards lunch, she found herself shoulder to shoulder with that nice-looking apple-cheeked lad with whom she'd ridden dozens of times.

Always they'd stood there side by side in this metal box, as dumb as a couple of baked potatoes—trying their best, in the big-city manner, to seem blind and invisible.

But today, with a sudden rush of the pie-mix programme to the head, she started silently broadcasting at him. Come on, loosen up. Speak to me! After all, what have you got to lose? She started sending at the tenth floor. At the eighth—by golly—he was wetting his lips! At the fourth he suddenly turned and smiled the smallest of smiles. "Cold today," he daringly hazarded.

She nodded. "But it's warming up."

"You work on the eighteenth," he said, "don't you?"

"Yes. And you?"

"On the twentieth," he said. It wasn't exactly scintillating dialogue, but to think it had happened at all!

When they reached the street, he faced her. He looked eager. Was he going to say, "Will you have lunch with me?" But he said shyly, "I just had to talk to you. You see," he beamed, "I became a father this morning."

She said all the proper things and hurried off before he could hand her a cigar. It wasn't quite a scientific test of telepathic power—with her broadcast getting all mixed up with his baby.

The first Saturday of the new year,

A different sort of romantic story

By ELISE JERARD



And Betsy in her dream saw moths, lady and gentleman moths flying towards one another, drawn by magnetism, just like the man on the radio had said.

she and the Jacksons—both small fry lugging brand-new Christmas skates—went to the outdoor ice rink in Central Park. The day was sharp and clear as a diamond. The colorful crowd swirled to lilting music. And it all felt as gay as a merry-go-round. Tom and Agnes were kept busy with their offspring.

So Betsy, a rather fancy skater, slid to the centre where the stunts cavorted, and cut herself a trio of neat eights. After which she dropped down on a step of the brick skating house to survey the scene.

A couple of young men came clumping out of the house. One looked so much like a younger Tyrone Power, she didn't exactly notice the other one—till they took off, and then one really had to notice. Tyrone's double was holding up this dope, who was teetering and perilously lurching and skating on his ankles so it hurt to watch. And Handsome was looking very bored.

Idly, she beamed a few thoughts that way. Why not skate with me, with me, with me? True, she was off gorgeous men. But still, it would be nice to have some company.

When Tyrone's double and his dope hove into sight again, she saw that something had gone wrong with the reception. They loomed quite obliviously past her.

But the next time round—for heaven's sake—it couldn't be! But yes—they were heading right for her! And plo! Tyrone's double was depositing his dope on her step, where he gracefully made a forced landing, arms flapping so he grazed her and gasped, "Sorry." And Handsome stood grinning down at him.

"O.K.?" Handsome said. And oddly, "We'll see you in the street!" And with a flip of his hand he was off—to a blonde.

That's handsome men for you! Betsy fumed. So long, dear old helpless pal, freeze over! As for herself, her mental radio seemed slightly out of order. She'd apparently tuned in the wrong boy.

Or had she? He was straightening out now, long and easy, and his eyes were twinkling at

her. After the first look, you'd rather see that face than Handsome's.

"First time on ice," he said, "obviously."

"How's that?"

"Well, down in New Orleans, where I come from, all the ice they have is in the juleps. I saw you out there," he said companionably, "and I maintain that what you did is impossible."

"Not if you come from Maine, though," she said, "where there's ice all winter long—and the winter's long." She shivered suddenly. "They ought to heat this step."

She rose, reluctant, and stood pawing the ice with one skate. Was she going to let him down, too? And if so, could he ever manage to get up?

She said crisply, "Want to go round a couple of times? Or would that offend the male ego?"

He sat there smiling. "Am I in a position to have ego? That's a real Good-Samaritan offer. And I'd like to. And I'd like to get up like a gentleman. But that might make this literally a pick-up."

"Heavens, no!" she said, and held out both her hands. And they laughed and she picked him up.

They made the introductions—his name was Don McCoy. Then they crossed woolly hands and took off. He leaned on her quite hard and silent laughter hooted through her. Me and my old black-magic Aura! I order a man who can stand on his feet. And I'm practically his sole means of support!

"Straighten up," she coached. "Keep your eyes off your feet."

"Talk to me," he said. "Keep my mind off them." The music started playing Wonderful Guy and she tried to pump the rhythm into him. She said the first thing that popped into her head. "Why'd your friend say, 'Meet me in the street?'"

"No. The Street. We work on Wall Street."

"Big Tycoon?"

"Little nobody." He tripped and she straightened him up.

"That your ambition—money in three hanks?"

"No." He all but fell on his face. "Look," he said, "let's get off Wall Street." And they did, and he did better after that.

When they stopped and sat down on a bench, she tried to open her jacket, but the zipper stuck. So, naturally, she shook it and fought it.

"Here!" he said. "Don't treat it so roughly." Deftly, he freed the caught goods and gratefully the zipper zipped.

"My," she said smiling, "aren't you handy!"

"Best thing I do. I'm a tinkerer."

"I'm not. I'm a mechanical idiot." And she told about all her crippled things.

"Well, look here," he said, "then why don't we trade skills? Tomorrow's Sunday. How about my phoning, say, at noon and finding out when I at least could look at all this busted stuff?"

She said, "Oh, fine." And the Jacksons bore down on them.

But on the dot of noon he called. H'm. Reliable! At precisely two he stood on her doorstep, armed with an imposing black bag.

"Doctor McCoy," he said. "Where are the patients?"

And there the two of them sat, laughing and talking in her living-room. And there he was, relishing her cider. And there he was, repairing the clock—its gimbles neatly spread out on paper and he, intent of face and wild of hair, strewn on the floor alongside them.

"What's the joke?" he asked, smiling up.

"Make a wish. Up pops a genie and fixes the clock." And, indeed, in forty minutes and eight seconds it sat, alive and ticking, on its shelf.

"Next case!" he said, dusting himself off.

"But surely you can't fix TV! Can you?"

He said modestly, "I like to think I mostly can. Physics was my best subject. Electronics

and wondering. What a fool she'd been. Why couldn't she have let well alone?

His hand had lifted from her shoulder, its palm lay against her cheek, turning her face towards him. She tried to resist, tried to make herself so rigid that she failed.

She was so defenceless in his arms, and yet so safe there. She let herself relax. Please say something, she thought, something that will make it right again.

His fingers stroked her cheek, in a long, slow, lingering caress. "I'm twenty-six and I like girls," he said, "but surely, as regards us, only one thing matters; that never until now have I wanted just one girl's company and for all my life. It's different with you, you see."

She sighed, a long, deep sigh. He hadn't lied to her. Yet he'd told her nothing; had found the one thing to say that set her doubts at rest. Oh, he was perfect, perfect. She had never met another man like him, even in her twenty-year-old innocence. Knew she never would again.

If only it was her father, not her mother, that she had to deal with.

Her father was one of the town's foremost citizens. Tall, grey-haired, with an air of experience and wisdom, Mr. Arthur Besant, seated in the boardroom at the table's head, was an impressive figure; but in his home he fulfilled the functions of an adjutant.

Julia's mother, one of those lean, elegant, long-necked women whose appearance does not appreciatively alter between the ages of twenty-five and sixty, was handsome, gracious, loyal. But she was also a woman with a will. Her family was devoted to her, but lived in awe of her.

At dinner that evening, as she lifted her soup spoon, Julia was conscious of her mother's gaze riveted on her third finger.

"I presume that Michael gave you that ring." The voice was cold.

"Of course."

"Then you can give it back to him."

Continuing . . . It's Different With You

"Mummy!" She put down the spoon with a clatter. "I don't see why she shouldn't have a ring," Mr. Besant said mildly.

"Don't you? I do," Mrs. Besant flashed. "By allowing Julia to wear that ring we accept Michael as a future son-in-law. Our friends will pester us with inquiries about the wedding day. In self-defence we shall find ourselves agreeing on a date. A ring is the thin end of a wedge. Michael's realised that. He's not a fool by any means."

"Then why shouldn't I marry him?" Julia demanded.

"For that very reason. You're his best bet so far. He's a rolling stone. He hasn't been sacked from all those jobs, he simply got bored with them. He saw something that amused him more. I don't know how he persuaded Mitchell Brothers that they needed a tourist agent. But he did persuade them. And apparently he's making a success of it. That still doesn't convince me that in six months he wouldn't have been on to something else, if he hadn't met you here."

"But since he has . . ."

"Exactly. He has the sense to realise that your father's by no means poor, and that as your husband he would occupy quite a position here."

"Mummy, how wrong you are! He's not the calculating sort."

"I know. I'd feel happier about him if he were. There's something to be said for the practical, worldly marriage. If an ambitious, serious-minded young man with his way to make saw you as a partner and associate in his career, I might not object."

Mrs. Besant stopped briefly to draw breath, then went on relentlessly.

"But Michael is not serious-minded. I'm not suggesting for a moment that he does not imagine he is in love with you, just as he imagined that he was in love with half a dozen girls before you; I'm equally sure

that he has the good sense to recognise that he'd be a fool to let you slip through his fingers.

"He's a rolling stone. He has treated his girls as he has treated his jobs. I don't want to see you an abandoned wife in two years' time."

She spoke like a judge summing up. How could you argue with a judge? Julia could not feel angry with her mother. She could see her mother's point of view. How could her mother be expected to recognise that this thing between herself and Michael was something altogether different?

She looked at her father. His face wore a worried, sympathetic look. He was a darling. So kind and generous and understanding. Of course, her mother wanted her to marry someone like him. But she did not want to marry the sort of man who could not put up a fight for his own daughter.

HER mother was concluding, "You must return that ring. There can be no question of an engagement for a year. When you're twenty-one you can make your own decisions. Till then, in matters such as this, you must be guided by your parents."

"A whole year!" Julia was aghast.

"You can go on seeing each other. In fact, you'll see quite a lot of him at the club, at your friends' homes, and here, of course. It's not as though you were going to be separated."

Julia closed her eyes. Oh, but it would be so much easier if they were. A year. It was an eternity; living in the same town, seeing him all the time and yet not really seeing him; never knowing quite what he was doing; the doubt, the uncertainty, the jealousy.

It would be impossible. She could fight for someone else, but she could not fight for herself.

She twisted the ring round

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her finger, then suddenly, ruthlessly tugged it off.

The next evening she had a date with Michael. It was warm, but she wore short gloves. She did not want him to notice right away her ringless finger. They drove to their favorite country club and sat down at a table on the deserted patio, as it was still quite early in the evening.

When they sat down and gave their order Michael took her hands in his.

"What's all this nonsense about gloves?" he said. Fingers by finger he drew them off with the easy mastery that both charmed and frightened her; so practised, so assured. That six years' start!

The gloves dropped unnoticed from her lap as Michael said, looking at her bare left hand, "Lost it already?"

She smiled, shook her head, drew her hands away, rummaged in her bag, gave him back the ring, told him what her mother had said. He listened, slipped the ring into his pocket, took her in his arms.

It was a long, long kiss. It gave her the sense of every bone in her body being turned to water. A twelve months' engagement. No, it wasn't possible. Flesh and blood would not stand it.

"We've got to be rather practical," he said.

Her spirits sank. Practical. That word again. Her mother's word. Her mother could use it if she liked; she was middle-aged. She had forgotten how you felt when you were in love. But to have Michael use it.

It only meant that he had never known, was too flighty, too irresponsible to have known. He'd flirted, but he'd never loved. Different with her, indeed. A leopard doesn't change his spots. Mummy was right about him. He'd got his eye

on the main chance, but he hadn't the strength of character to stick to anything. Practical, indeed.

"Yes, very practical," he was continuing. "My sister lives at Bedford. We'll drive out there on Friday. You can stay the night with her. I'll have a special licence. We'll be married on Saturday, be back on Monday in time for work. Not even your mother could say no to that diamond if you had a gold wedding ring above it."

"So that's what you call being practical."

"Darling, I'm taking such a long view of us that I can afford to take a very short view now."

She sighed—a long, slow sigh that came from a deep well of happiness. If you'd not said that, she thought, or something near it, it would have been the very last thing you ever said to me.

They left two notes, one for each parent. Her father got his first. It was a tender note. "Darling Daddy," it finished up, "try not to feel too badly about this. I'm so happy. I'd hate to think I'd made you wretched. After all you've been to me."

He started to re-read it, but the handwriting blurred before his eyes. He tore the paper into fragments. It might make his wife jealous.

She, too, tore up her letter. Her mouth set tightly. "It's up to them now," she said and left the room.

She could not trust herself to speak, but not for the reason that her husband fancied. It was not anger but jubilation that she had need to hide. Everything had gone to plan.

In most people's lives there are facts that manage to get themselves forgotten, and there were few who still remembered that the stern, authoritative Mrs. Besant had, at the age of seventeen, contracted an imprudent marriage.



"O.K., George. I'll be there early, the office doesn't close till 5, but I'll just start coughing about 11 o'clock, then I'll . . ."

She had married a man very much like Michael and after eighteen months she had divorced him. It was the only action of her life that she wholeheartedly regretted.

It was not that her second marriage had been unhappy, on the contrary. At the same time, every chance meeting with her former husband was a source of intense irritation.

It was not simply that he still looked exceedingly attractive; what really infuriated her was the youthful appearance of her successor, who was in fact two years older than herself.

Women who married men like Michael looked, at forty-five, ten years younger than their sisters who married staid and stolid citizens. At least, that was what she suspected. They were kept continually upon their toes; that kept them young.

It was a question of having the nerve to stay the course. She hoped that Julia had. Julia was very much what she had been—loyal, willful, proud, impulsive; reluctant to admit that she was in the wrong.

By forcing her daughter to elope, she had ensured that she would never in a fit of pique "come running home to mother."

Could she have given her a better wedding present? The omens for Julia's future were in her mother's opinion most auspicious.

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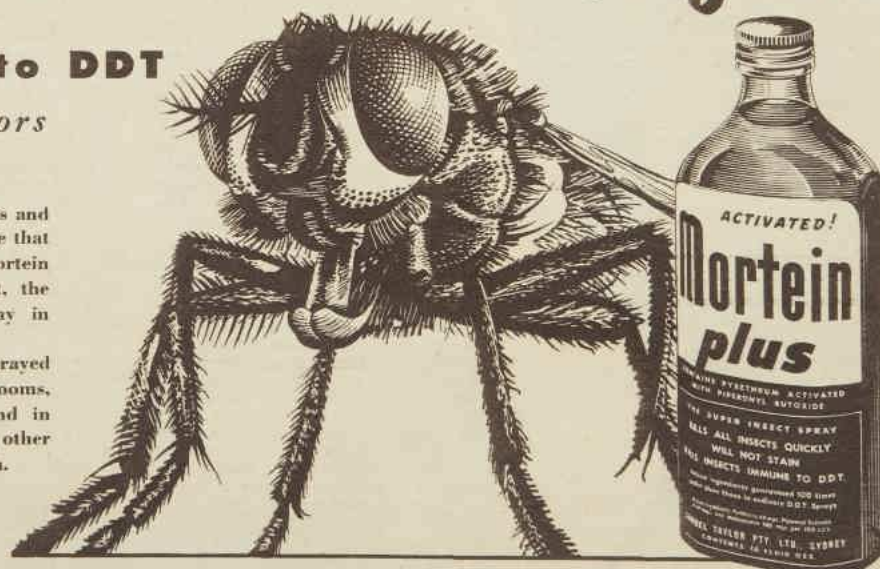
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 17, 1954

Continuing

chiding voice. "Naughty! Come back to mother at once."

"Mrs. Midgemoor!" whispered the sergeant. He had no time to explain the reason for his patent horror. Mrs. Midgemoor came out of the drawing-room and exclaimed: "Oh! It's the police! Well, really, on a Sunday!"

"Good afternoon, madam. This is Chief Inspector Hemingway, from Scotland Yard. And Inspector Harbottle. They wish to see Miss Warrenby, if convenient, please."

"Scotland Yard!" ejaculated Mrs. Midgemoor, apparently regarding this institution in the light of a Gestapo headquarters. "That poor child!"

"That's all right, madam," said Hemingway soothingly. "Properly speaking, I only want to have a look through her uncle's papers. There are one or two questions I'd like to ask her, but don't you worry; I shan't go upsetting her."

"Well," said Mrs. Midgemoor with an air of noble resolution, "if you must see her I shall insist on being present. She is alone in the world and she has had a terrible shock. I refuse to abandon her!"

"And I'm sure it does you credit," said Hemingway affably. "I've got no objection." He bent to stroke the elderly Peke, who was sniffing his shoe. "Well, you're a very handsome fellow, aren't you?"

The Peke, his eyes starting angrily, growled at him. However, Hemingway was scratching the exact spot on his back which afforded him the most gratification, so he stopped growling and faintly waved his plumed tail. This circumstance struck Mrs. Midgemoor forcibly. She exclaimed: "He's taken a fancy to you! Ulysses! He hardly ever allows strangers to touch him! Do you like that kind policeman, then, my precious? Oh, Untidy! You mustn't let her bother you!"

By this time the younger Peke, encouraged by the example set her by her grandfather, was effusively making the Chief Inspector welcome. Sergeant Carsethorn heaved an exasperated sigh, but no one could have supposed from Hemingway's demeanor that he had come to Thornden with any other purpose in mind than to admire Mrs. Midgemoor's Pekes. Within a few minutes he and Mrs. Midgemoor were fast friends; and he could have answered an examination paper on Ulysses' superlatively good points, the number of prizes he had won, and the number of prize-winners he had sided. It was on a wave of goodwill that he was finally ushered into the drawing-room.

Here, seated in a wing-chair, with her hands folded on her lap, was Mavis Warrenby. Not being one of those who considered no wardrobe complete that did not contain at least one good black frock, she had been unable to array herself in mourning, but had compromised by putting on a very unbecoming dress of slate-grey. She got up as the party entered and said, casting a somewhat spaniel-like glance at Mrs. Midgemoor, "Oh, what—?"

"Now, there's nothing to be nervous about, my dear!" said that lady bracingly. "These are two detectives from Scotland Yard, but you've got no need to be alarmed. They're very nice, and I shall remain with you all the time!"

"Oh, thank you! I'm sorry to be so silly," Mavis said with a fleeting glance at Hemingway. "I think it must all have been a little too much for me. Of course, I know I must be prepared to answer questions, and I shall do my best to help you in any way I can. I know

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it's my duty, however painful it may be."

She then proceeded, with very little encouragement, to relate the whole story of her activities on the previous afternoon, not omitting a description of her qualms at leaving the late Mr. Warrenby alone in the house, and what she had said to Mrs. Haswell on perceiving how late it was.

Not unnaturally, since she had by now told her story a good many times, it had grown a little in its details, and she had talked herself into almost believing that she had had a premonition of evil when she had left the house. But in two essentials the tale was identical with the version Sergeant Carsethorn had already heard: she knew of no one who could have had any reason to kill her uncle, and she had seen no one at the time when she had been startled by the shot.

"Do you know," she said simply, "I can't help feeling glad I didn't see anyone. It would be such a terrible thing to know! I mean, it can't bring Uncle back, and I'd much, much rather not know!"

"We know just how you feel, dear," Mrs. Midgemoor assured her, "but you wouldn't want your uncle's murderer to go unpunished! Besides, we can't have a killer allowed to wander about our dear little village. We should none of us be able to sleep in our beds. I don't believe in trying to conceal things. I was just talking it over with Miss Warrenby when you arrived, Inspector, trying to think who might have done it."

"I don't think one ought to," said Mavis in a troubled tone.

HEMINGWAY said firmly, "If you'll pardon me, that's where you're wrong! If you do know of anyone who might have done it, it's your plain duty to talk about it to me!"

"Oh, but I don't! I can't imagine!"

"Really, Mavis, that's going too far!" protested Mrs. Midgemoor. "It's all very well to be loyal to your uncle's memory—not that you've any reason to be!—but when you tell the inspector that your uncle had no enemies—well, it just isn't true, dear, because you know very well that he had! I don't say it was his fault—though, of course, it was—but facts are facts!"

She went on in a rush of words: "Goodness knows I'm not one to gossip about my neighbors, but I should very much like to know what Kenneth Lindale was doing after he left that party. I've always said there was something fishy about the Lindales. The way they live, never going anywhere, or taking a real part in Thornden society. It's all very well for Mrs. Lindale to say she can't leave the baby, but I think she's just standoffish. Why, when they first came to Rushford Farm I went to call immediately and did my best to be a friend to her, but she was quite unresponsive; in fact, she made it very clear that she'd rather I didn't drop in at the farm without being invited."

"I'm sure she's always been very nice to me," said Mavis.

"Oh, I'm not saying she isn't perfectly polite, but do you get anywhere with her?" demanded Mrs. Midgemoor. "When I asked her about her people, and where she came from, and how long she'd been married, she was evasive. There's no other word for it: evasive! I wondered at the time if she had anything to hide. And I'll tell you another thing," she added, rounding on Hemingway, "they never have anybody to stay! They'd think

her mother and father would visit her, or his mother and father, or a sister, or something, wouldn't you? Well, they don't! Not once!"

"Perhaps they're dead," suggested Hemingway.

"They couldn't all be dead!" said Mrs. Midgemoor. "Everybody has some relations!"

"Oh, Mrs. Midgemoor, please don't talk like that," begged Mavis. "Now poor Uncle has passed over I haven't any relations either. Not once I know."

"But you're not married, dear," said Mrs. Midgemoor, somewhat obscurely, but with the air of one who had clinched the matter.

At this point the Chief Inspector intervened. He said that he would like to go through the late Mr. Warrenby's papers, and in Miss Warrenby's presence.

"Must I?" Mavis asked, shrinking from the prospect. "I'm sure Uncle wouldn't have liked me to pry into his desk!"

"Well, it's not to be supposed he'd like any of us to do so," said Hemingway practically. "However, that can't be helped, and as I understand you're an executor to his will, I think you'd better come and keep an eye on me."

A biddable girl, she rose to her feet, saying as she did so: "I couldn't believe it when Colonel Scales told me that! I never had the least idea Uncle meant to appoint me. I'm afraid I don't know what executors do, but I'm so touched it makes me want to cry."

She then led the way across the hall to the large, sunny room on the other side of it, which Mr. Warrenby had appropriated as his study. She paused on the threshold and smiled wanly upon Hemingway.

"I expect you'll think me very foolish, but I hate going into this room! Of course, I know he wasn't—I know it didn't happen there, but I can't help looking for him when I go in. And I want to get rid of that seat in the garden at once. That is, if the police don't mind? I know nothing must be touched until you say so."

"No, I don't mind; very natural you should want to get rid of it," said Hemingway, stepping into the study and looking round.

"Every time I see it, it reminds me!" said Mavis, shuddering. "My uncle very rarely sat out of doors. It was really my favorite seat, which seems to make it worse, somehow. Doesn't it seem dreadful to think that if it hadn't been so terribly hot, I don't suppose he ever would have taken his work out into the garden, and then none of this would have happened."

The Chief Inspector, who was growing tired of these gentle inanities, agreed to this, and nodded to the constable who had been sitting in the room, reading a newspaper.

"I thought it best to leave a man on duty till you came, sir," explained Sergeant Carsethorn. "We couldn't very well seal the room on account of the telephone. It's the only one in the house."

A slight twinkle was in the Chief Inspector's eye as his gaze alighted on the instrument, which stood on Sampson Warrenby's desk. It appeared to him that Miss Warrenby must have been obliged to enter the study a good many times since the murder of her uncle. As though she read his thought, Mavis said: "I've come to dread the sound of the telephone-bell."

The room, which had obviously been swept and dusted, was very neat. The papers on

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the top of the desk, on which Sampson Warrenby had been working, had been collected into one pile and tied up with red tape, and all the drawers in the desk sealed. The sergeant explained that the papers had been scattered over the top of the desk, the fountain-pen, now lying tidily among several pencils in a little lacquer tray, uncovered beside them.

Hemingway nodded and sat down in the chair behind the desk, an action from which Mavis averted her eyes. "Well, now, Miss Warrenby, I take it I have your permission to see if there's anything here that might have a bearing on the case?" he said, cutting the tape round the papers.

"Oh, yes! Though I'm sure there can't be anything. I should so like to feel that the whole thing was an accident, and the more I think about it the more I believe it was. People are always shooting rabbits here—in fact, I know my uncle several times complained to Mr. Ainstable about it and said he ought to allow it on the common. Poachers, too. Don't you think it might have been an accident?"

Hemingway, disinclined to enter into argument, said that it was too early for him to give an opinion. He ran quickly through the sheaf of documents, which concerned the efforts of a landlord to dislodge a tenant, and stretched over several months. Hemingway recalled that the letters which had been found, clipped together, at Sampson Warrenby's feet had been written by this tenant, presumably before Sampson Warrenby had been called into the dispute, since the papers attached to them were copies of the landlord's own acidly worded replies.

It was the old story of a tenant protected by the Rent Restriction Act, and the correspondence was increasingly acrimonious.

Continuing Detection Unlimited

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But, since Sampson Warrenby had merely acted in the role of legal representative to the landlord, it was difficult to perceive what bearing it could have upon his murder. Hemingway laid the papers aside and began to go through the contents of the drawers in the desk.

One of these contained only such oddsands as paper-clips, sealing wax, spare nibs, and pencils. Two others held virgin stationery and another a collection of different-sized envelopes. Two other drawers were devoted to bills and receipts; below these, a third held nothing but account-books and used cheques; and the fourth on that side contained bank-sheets and share certificates. Such private correspondence as Sampson Warrenby had preserved was found thrust into the long central drawer at the top of the desk.

Unlike the other drawers, this one was in considerable disorder. Before touching its contents Hemingway considered it with a look of bird-like interest. "Would you say your uncle was a tidy man, Miss Warrenby?"

"Oh, yes! Uncle hated things to be left about."

"Is this how you'd expect to find a drawer in his desk?"

She blinked at it. "I don't know. I mean, I never went to his desk. I shouldn't have dreamed of opening any of his drawers."

"I see. Well, if you've no objection, I'll pack this lot up and go through it at my leisure. Then you won't have to have the house cluttered up with policemen any longer. Everything will be returned to you in due course." He got up. "See to it, will you, Harbottle. Now, Miss Warrenby, are there

any other papers? No safe in the house?"

"Oh, no! Uncle kept all his important papers at the office, I think."

"Then I won't be taking up any more of your time," he said.

She escorted him into the hall, where they were immediately joined by Mrs. Midgeholme and the Ultimas. Delicacy had prevented Mrs. Midgeholme from accompanying them to the study, but she was plainly agog with curiosity and would have done her best to fret out of the Chief Inspector the discovery of a possible clue had not Miss Patterdale at that moment walked in at the open front door.

AS Miss Patterdale was accompanied by her lumbering canine friend, a scene of great confusion followed on her entrance. Mrs. Midgeholme uttering dismaying cries, and both the Ultimas bounding at the Labrador, Ulysses very disagreeably and Untidy in a spirit of shameless coquetry.

Rex, though good-natured, took very little interest in the Ultimas, but Mrs. Midgeholme was obsessed by the fear that he would one day lose patience with their importunities and maul them hideously. By the time she had succeeded in catching her pets and scooping them up into her arms, assuring them, quite unnecessarily, that there was nothing to be afraid of, Mavis had explained to Miss Patterdale that the stranger was a detective from Scotland Yard; and Miss Patterdale, screwing her glass still more firmly into her eye, had looked him over and said that she was sorry to hear it.

"I knew that this was going to lead to a lot of unpleasantness," she said. "Well, it has nothing to do with me, but I do trust you won't wantonly stir up any scandal in Thornden."

"Oh, Miss Patterdale, I'm sure there isn't anything like that to stir up!" said Mavis.

"Nonsense! Everyone has something in his life he'd rather wasn't made public. Isn't that so—what's your name?"

"I'm Chief Inspector Hemingway, madam. And I'm bound to say there's a great deal in what you say. However, we do try to be discreet."

"For my part," said Mrs. Midgeholme, "I often say my life is an open book." She added with a jolly laugh: "Which anyone may read, even the police!"

"I don't suppose the police have the slightest wish to do so," replied Miss Patterdale, correctly assessing the Chief Inspector's feelings. "I looked in to see how you're getting on, Mavis, and to ask you if you'd like to come down to the cottage to share my supper. Abby's gone to the Haswells."

"My own errand," exclaimed Mrs. Midgeholme, struck by the coincidence. "And Lion would be only too pleased to escort her back later; but will she come? No!"

"It's very, very kind of you both," Mavis said earnestly, "but somehow I'd rather stay at home today by myself."

"Well, I shall leave Miss Patterdale to deal with you, my dear," said Mrs. Midgeholme, perceiving that Hemingway was about to leave the house and determined to accompany him.

The Ultimas still tucked under her arms, she sailed down the garden path beside him, saying mysteriously that there was something important she felt she ought to tell him. "I couldn't say anything in front of Miss Warrenby, so I just bided my time till I could get you alone," she said confidentially.

Beauty in brief:

SCENT SENSE

By CAROLYN EARLE

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saying mysteriously that there was something important she felt she ought to tell him. "I couldn't say anything in front of Miss Warrenby, so I just bided my time till I could get you alone," she said confidentially.

The sergeant could have told Hemingway that Mrs. Midgeholme was unlikely to have anything of the smallest interest to impart. He grimaced expressively at Harbottle, but that saturnine gentleman merely smiled grimly and shook his head.

Encouraged by an inquiring look from Hemingway, Mrs. Midgeholme said: "To my

mind, there isn't a shadow of doubt who shot Mr. Warrenby. It's one of two people, for, although I always think Delia Lindale is a hard young woman, I don't think she would actually shoot anyone. It's her husband. What's more, if he did it, it's my belief she knows it. I popped in to see her this morning, just to talk things over, and the instant I opened my mouth she tried to turn the subject. She gave me the impression of being in a very nervous state—not to say scared! She didn't talk in what I call a natural way, and she didn't seem able to keep still for as

To page 37

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The Australian Women's Weekly - February 17, 1954

Continuing

Detection Unlimited

[from page 36]

much as five minutes. Either she thought she heard the child crying or she had to go out to speak to Mrs. Marston, her daily woman. Something fishy here, I thought to myself.

She nodded but added surprisingly: "But that's not what I wanted to say to you. It may have been Kenneth Lindale, but only if it wasn't someone else. Ladislav Zama - something - or other!"

"Yes, I wondered when we were coming to him," said Hemingway, with deceptive affability.

"Now, I couldn't say a word about him in front of Miss Warrenby, because the poor girl, I'm afraid, is very fond of him. I always did think it would be a most unsuitable match, and, of course, if he killed Mr. Warrenby, it really wouldn't do at all."

"Well, if he did that, madam, he won't be in a position to marry Miss Warrenby or anyone else," Hemingway pointed out. "But what makes you think he did?"

"If you knew the way he's running after the girl you wouldn't ask me that," said Mrs. Midgeholme darkly.

"I daresay I wouldn't, but then, you see, I'm new to these parts."

"Yes, that's exactly why I'm being perfectly frank with you. My husband says the least said the soonest mended, but there I disagree with him! It's one's duty to tell the police what one knows, and I know that never would Sampson Warrenby have consented to such a marriage. He forbade his niece to have anything to do with Mr. Ladislav, and if he'd guessed she was still seeing him behind his back - well, there would soon have been an end to that young man!"

"You think he'd have done the shooting instead?"

"No, I don't go as far as that, for, though I've no doubt he'd have been capable of it, he was far too sly and clever to do anything like that. Mr. Ladislav would have found himself out of a job and been obliged to leave the district. Don't ask me how Warrenby would have managed that. I only know he would. He was that kind of a man. And, of course, Mr. Ladislav must have guessed he'd leave his money to his niece, even if he didn't know it for a fact, which he may have done. And he was actually seen turning into this lane that afternoon! If he didn't know Miss Warrenby was at the Hawtells' I'm surprised. So there we have him, on the spot, with a motive, and, I ask you, what more do you want?"

"Well, just a few things!" said Hemingway apologetically. "Not but what I'm obliged to you, and I'll bear all you've said in mind. Now, I wonder what Ultima Untidy has found to roll in?"

This ruse was successful. Mrs. Midgeholme, who, once clear of the garden, had set the Ultimas down, turned and hurried with admonishing cries towards Untidy. The Chief Inspector swiftly joined his subordinates in the car and said: "Step on it!"

The sergeant, concerned, said as the car moved off: "I'm sorry we walked into Mrs. Midgeholme, sir, wasting your time like that. If I'd known, I'd have warned you about her."

"You'd have been wasting your time to have done so," said Harbottle from the seat beside the police driver. "The chief likes talkers."

He spoke in the resigned voice of one forced to tolerate a weakness of which he disapproved, but Hemingway said cheerfully: "That's right, I do. You never know what they'll let fall. I picked up quite a lot from Mrs. Midgeholme."

"You did, sir?" said the sergeant, faintly incredulous.

"Certainly, I did. Why, I didn't know one end of a Peki from the other when I came to Thornden, and I could set up as a judge on them now, which will probably come in useful when I'm retired."

The sergeant chuckled. "She wins a lot of prizes with those dogs of hers," he remarked. "That I will say."

"Well, you have said it, so I can't stop you, but you don't need to say any more. I've got a very good memory, which means that I don't have to be told things more than once in one afternoon," said Hemingway unkindly. "Strictly speaking, it wasn't the Pekes I meant, either. Or that unnatural Pole. It was what she had to say about the Lindales that interested me."

"Well, sir, but—just a bit of spite, wasn't it?"

"She doesn't like them, if that's what you mean, but I wouldn't call her spiteful. And I don't think she said anything about them that wasn't true. Or, at any rate, what she believes to be true. Of course, you can say that it's quite enough to make anyone nervy to have her bursting in on them, and I'm bound to agree that I should think up a lot of jobs to do myself if it happened to me. On the other hand, it isn't in human nature not to want to have a good

gossip about a thing like this. Provided you know you're in the clear, that is. Anything known about these Lindales?"

"Why, no, sir! I mean, there isn't any reason why we should know anything about them, barring what everyone knows. Seem to be quiet, respectable people, generally well liked in the neighborhood. They don't get about much, but I don't know that it's to be expected they would. Not with him having his hands full with the farm and her with a baby and only one daily woman to help her."

"Fair enough," agreed Hemingway. "And what do you make of them never having anyone to stay?"

"I don't know," said the sergeant slowly. "What do you make of it, sir?"

"I don't know, either," said Hemingway. "But I think it'll bear looking into. You can attend to that, Horace. If Lindale was a member of the Stock Exchange it won't be difficult to get his dossier."

"You mean," said the sergeant, his brow furrowed, "that Warrenby might have known something to Mr. Lindale's discredit and was blackmailing him?"

"Well, from all I've been able to gather about this bird, that sounds like just the sort of parlor trick he would get up to."

"Yes, but whatever for?" objected the sergeant.

"That's another of the things I don't know. Might not have been blackmailing him at all. If he happened to let on to Lindale that he knew something really damaging about him, Lindale might have shot him to make sure he didn't pass his information on. Depends on what it was, and what sort of a chap Lindale is."

"I wouldn't have said he was that sort at all," said the sergeant.

"You may be right," said Hemingway as the car pulled up outside Mr. Drybeck's house. "But I once arrested one of the nicest, kindest, most fatherly old coppers you ever saw. You'd have said he couldn't have hurt a fly. Well, I don't know what he was like with flies; it wasn't the right time of year. I arrested him for sticking a dagger into his brother's back."

With this encouraging reminiscence he got out of the car and trod up the path to Mr. Drybeck's front door.

It was by this time past seven o'clock, and Mr. Drybeck, whose housekeeper did not allow him to dine at a late hour,

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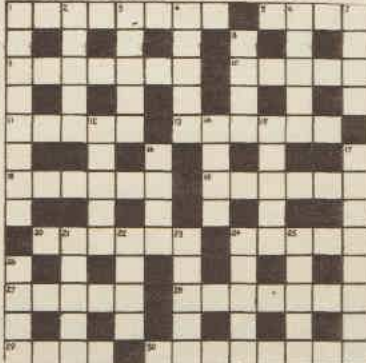
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. A motherly domestic animal with twelfth is authoritative. (8)
2. Sure a point is debatable. (4)
3. Borders spot spirits. (7)
4. A sire of a ram. (5)
5. One has no clothes on with a light push. (5)
6. Attractive way of a thief? (6)
7. Hurried and turned to a line and became constricted. (6)
8. Lean game mated about. (6)
9. To conquer she does this. (6)

10. Qualifies Alec even if this is just his name. (5)
11. Contract used by painters by making its foot out of its head. (9)
12. They enforce rules for a politician with anger in you and me. (7)
13. No enclosure here is public. (4)
14. Stiffifies vegetables swallowed by monkeys. (8)

Solution will
be published
next week.



DOWN

1. Ruling a mind not in confusion. (8)
2. Transfixed by a bull. (5)
3. Get up from 10 across. (5)
4. One hundred more would make a six footer out of this extra page. (15)
5. The Hunter. (5)
6. Towed 12 to a steamer. (4)
7. Give notice with a white wire. (4)
8. Greek, but not a town in N.S.W. (5)
9. Slush coagulated with max. (4)
10. Embrace in weapon. (5)
11. Exchange mostly a South-European immigrant in the U.S.A. (4)
12. These bridge-builders are mostly boring while you are sleeping at them. (6)
13. Annoy and take tea with no trouble. (5)
14. Good place for a loaf. (4)
15. No cricket without this stub. (5)
16. Composer of "Poet and Peasant." (15)
17. Enclosed land for one hundred surrounded by the war god. (5)
18. The muse of history. (4)

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was just sitting down to a Sunday supper of cold meat and weary-looking salad, and a pallid shape accompanied by a dish of custard. No one could be surprised that he showed reluctance to leave this meal. Upon being informed that two gentlemen from Scotland Yard wished to see him, he threw down his napkin, went at once into the hall, and primly made these visitors welcome.

"I was not unexpectant of a visit from the C.I.D.," he said. "A very shocking affair, Chief Inspector. I shall be happy to render you whatever assistance may be within my power. You will first, of course, wish me to account for my own movements at the time of this outrage. Fortunately, my memory is a good one and, I trust, exact. The result of legal training."

He then, in the most precise terms, repeated the story he had told Sergeant Carsethorn already. At only one point did Hemingway intervene. He said: "You didn't hear the gong when it sounded the first time, sir?"

"No, Chief Inspector, I did not, but that is not quite such a wonderful matter as it may appear. With your permission, we will put it to the test. There is the gong in question. If Sergeant Carsethorn will remain here and in a few minutes time sound it, moderately—for that, she tells me, is how Emma sounded it on that first occasion, believing me to be within the house—we three will repair to the part of the garden which I was watering at the time, and the Chief Inspector may judge for himself whether or not it can be heard."

"I don't think that'll be necessary, sir," said Hemingway.

Mr. Drybeck raised his hand. "Pardon me, I should prefer you to put my word to the proof!" he said sternly.

He then led the two inspectors out into the back garden, through a small garden hall.

"My domain is not extensive," he said, "but you will observe that it is intersected by several hedges. That one, for instance, shuts off the vegetable garden, and this one, which we are approaching, en-

closes my little rose garden. Here, gentlemen, I was engaged in watering when I was summoned to supper. Let us enter it!"

He stood back and waved them to precede him through an arch in the tall yew hedge into a pretty square plot laid out in rose beds, with narrow grass walks between and tiny artificial ponds in the centre. Once inside he surveyed the garden with simple pride and said: "You may be said to be seeing it at its best. A wonderful year for roses! You are looking at those red ones, Chief Inspector. Gloire de Hollande, quite one of my favorites."

"And I'm sure I'm not surprised, sir," said Hemingway. "You've certainly got a rare show here. And there's the gong, by the way."

"I heard nothing!" declared Mr. Drybeck suspiciously.

"I didn't either," confessed Harbottle. "Not to be sure."

"You must have imagined it!" said Mr. Drybeck, inclined to be affronted. "I do not consider myself hard of hearing at all!"

"Well, I've got very quick ears, sir. What's more, I was listening for it. I'm quite prepared to believe that if you were busy with your roses here you mightn't have heard it. In fact, I always was, but I'm glad you made me come. It's been worth it. He strolled forward to inspect a bed planted with Betty Upchurch. "I noticed some nice roses at Fox House, but nothing to compare with yours."

"That I can well believe!" said Mr. Drybeck. "I fancy my friend Warrenby cared very little for such things."

"Did you know him well, sir?"

"Dear me, no! I can lay claim to nothing but the barest acquaintance with him. To be frank with you, I did not find him congenial and considered him quite out of place in our little coterie here."

"Seems to have been unpopular all round," commented Hemingway.

Continuing . . . Detection Unlimited

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"That is true. I should be surprised if I heard of his having been liked by anyone in Thornden. But pray do not misunderstand me, Chief Inspector. I flatter myself I know Thornden as well as any man, and I know of no one in my own circle who had the smallest cause to commit the terrible crime of murdering him. I am very glad you have come to see me; very glad indeed. There is a great deal of talk going on in the village, and I have been much shocked by some of the wild rumors I have heard. Rumors, I may say, that are set about by irresponsible persons and have not the least foundation in fact. To the trained mind I venture to say that this case presents no very difficult problem, and it is not susceptible to any fantastic solution."

"Well, I'm glad of that," said Hemingway. "Perhaps I'll be able to solve it."

"I fear you will find it all too easy to do so. I have myself given the matter a good deal of thought, regarding it, if you understand me, in the light of a chess problem. I am forced to the conclusion—the very reluctant conclusion!—that all the evidence points one way, and one way only. One person had the opportunity and motive, and that person is the dead man's niece!"

Inspector Harbottle's jaw dropped. Recovering his countenance, he said in accents of strong disapprobation: "Setting

aside the fact that it is rarely that a woman will use a gun—"

"That," interrupted Mr. Drybeck smartly, "is what is said every time a woman does use a gun."

"Setting that aside, sir," said Harbottle obstinately, "I never saw a young lady less like a murderess."

"Pray, is it your experience, Inspector, that murderesses—or, for that matter, murderers—look the part? It is my belief that Miss Warrenby is a very clever young woman."

"Well, now, that's highly interesting," said Hemingway, "because I'm bound to say she doesn't give me that impression."

Mr. Drybeck uttered a shrill little laugh.

"I've no doubt she impressed you as a woman overcome by the death of a dear relation," he said. "Bunkum, Chief Inspector! Bosh and bunkum! She talks as if Warrenby rescued her from destitution when she was a child. You may as well know that she has only lived with him for rather less than three years. He offered her a home when her mother died, and she accepted it, although I happen to know that she has a small income of her own and was certainly of an age to earn her own living. No doubt she had her reasons for preferring to take up the position of an unpaid housekeeper

and hostess in her uncle's house. Indeed, one is tempted to say that one now sees the had! If rumor does not lie, she has lately become attracted by a young Pole who rides about the country on a noisy motor-cycle. I need scarcely say that the popular theory in the village is that this man is the guilty party. My own belief is that such a theory will not hold water."

He drew a breath and added, with cool dignity, "If it is true that the young man went to Fox House at the hour stated, I find it impossible to believe that he can have waited until twenty minutes past seven before shooting Warrenby. Consider! The house contained none but Warrenby himself; not only the front door but the windows on the ground floor also stood open. Why, then, did this man wait until Warrenby stepped into the garden?"

"Why, indeed?" said Hemingway.

"The trained mind, therefore, rejects the theory," said Mr. Drybeck, rejecting it. "Consider again! Let us follow Miss Warrenby's own story step by step!"

"Well, if it's all the same to you, sir, I've done that twice already today, and though I'm sure it's highly instructive—"

"She leaves the Cedars alone, and by the garden gate," pursued Mr. Drybeck, disregarding the interruption. "In spite of the fact that during the course of the afternoon she re-

peatedly told us of her qualms at leaving her uncle alone, she remained on at the Cedars after all the other guests, with the single exception of Mrs. Cliburn, had left. She thus makes sure she will not meet any of the party on her way home. She states that she climbed the stile into the lane and entered Fox House through the front gate. It may have been so, but I incline, myself, to the belief that she approached the house from the rear. A hedge separates its grounds from the footpath that runs between them and the spinney attached to the Cedars; not, you will agree, an insuperable obstacle. In this way she is able to abstract her uncle's rifle from the house without his knowing that she had returned from the tennis party. No doubt she regained the footpath by the same route, having ascertained that her uncle was conveniently seated in the garden. Then, and then only, does she cross the stile."

"Always supposing her uncle happened to have a rifle," interpolated Hemingway. "Of course, if he didn't, it upsets your theory a bit. Did he?"

"I am not in a position to say whether he had a rifle or not," said Mr. Drybeck testily. "A .22 rifle is a very ordinary weapon to find in a country house!"

Inspector Harbottle looked rather grimly at him, his eyes narrowed, but Hemingway said blandly: "Just so. Mind you, it hasn't come to light, but, there! It's early days yet."

"Ah!" said Mr. Drybeck triumphantly. "You are forgetting one significant circumstance, Chief Inspector. If we are to believe that Warrenby was shot at twenty past seven—and I see no reason for disbelieving this—what was Miss Warrenby doing between that time and the time when she reached Miss Patterdale's house?"

"When was that?" asked Hemingway.

"Unfortunately," said Mr. Drybeck, "it seems to be impossible to discover exactly

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



BY RUD

"It's ENO for me — it keeps me fit and is so refreshing"

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DESTROY

92% OF DENTAL DECAY GERMS!

CLEAN

YOUR TEETH TO NEW WHITENESS!

SWEETEN

YOUR BREATH INSTANTLY!

WITH
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92% of DENTAL DECAY GERMS DESTROYED! Tests by famous North American and European Universities prove that one brushing with Kolynos Dental Cream destroys up to 92% of dental decay bacteria in the mouth.

SWEETENS BREATH — INSTANTLY! Kolynos cleans and polishes with every stroke of your toothbrush. Keeps your whole mouth clean and fresh for hours. Your teeth sparkle with new whiteness.

PLUS! ANTI-ENZYME ACTION!
GREATER PROTECTION FROM DENTAL DECAY ACIDS



It sounds almost too good to be true—but years of research have proved it! Now those enzymes which turn starches and sugars into dental decay acids can be stopped! Now! Kolynos Dental Cream contains a special anti-enzyme

ingredient which protects your teeth from these acids. This wonderful new kind of protection is effective from the first moment you start brushing your teeth after a meal. Those acids don't have a chance to get started on their destructive work!



KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

when that was, but my inquiries lead me to say that it cannot have been less than a quarter of an hour later. I am much inclined to think that Miss Warrenby made a fatal slip when she correctly stated the time when she—as she puts it—“heard the shot.” Before she went to Miss Patterdale, the rifle had to be disposed of.

“The young lady came over faint, and small wonder!” interjected Harbottle.

“Nonsense, Horace,” the Chief Inspector put in. “She was burying the rifle in the asparagus bed.”

He turned back to Mr. Drybeck. “Well, sir, I’m sure I’m much obliged to you. Wonderful the way you’ve worked it all out! I shall know where to come if I should find myself at a loss. But I won’t keep you from your dinner any longer now.”

He then swept the fulminating Harbottle out of the rose garden, bade Mr. Drybeck a kind but firm farewell, and joined Sergeant Carsethorn in the waiting car.

“Where to now, sir?” asked the sergeant.

“What’s the beer like at the local?” demanded Hemingway.

The sergeant grinned. “Good. It’s a free house.”

“Then that’s where we’ll go. The inspector’s a bit upset and needs something to pull him round.”

“Well you know that I never drink alcohol!” said Harbottle under his breath as he got into the car beside him.

“Who said anything about alcohol? A nice glass of orangeade is what you’ll have, my lad, and like it!”

“Give over, sir, do!” Harbottle besought him.

The sergeant spoke over his shoulder: “Did you get anything more than I did out of Mr. Drybeck, sir?”

“Yes, I got the whole story of the crime,” said Hemingway cheerfully. “What you boys wanted me and Harbottle for when you had Mr. Drybeck beats me. He’s got a trained mind, and he’s bringing it to bear on this crime.”

“A trained mind!” snorted the incensed inspector. “You haven’t that, of course, Chief!”

“You’re dead right, I haven’t!”

“He fairly turned my gorge!” said Harbottle, ignoring this facetiousness. “Him and his trained mind! A real wicked mind, that’s what he has! Trying to cast suspicion on a nice young lady!”

“Taken your fancy, has she?” said Hemingway. “I’m bound to say she didn’t take mine.”

“You aren’t going to tell me that you think a gentle little thing like that could have had anything to do with this?” said the inspector, shocked.

“No, I’m not. I’ve got what wouldn’t hurt you: an open mind. There’s a great deal in what Drybeck says, and the fact that he said it because he’s in the devil of a funk is neither here nor there.”

“He was that, all right.”

“Of course he was. So would you be in his shoes. He’s worked it all out, and whether he shot Warrenby or not I don’t know, because I haven’t got second sight, but what I do know is that he’s proved to himself that he could have done it in the time. Which saves me having to prove it for myself.”

“He made one slip,” said the inspector with satisfaction. “How did he know Warrenby was shot with a .22 rifle?”

“Yes, I can see you think he knew that because it was him did the shooting. You may be right, but it wouldn’t surprise me if the whole village knows it.”

“If they do, it’s Dr. Warcop who’s told them!” said the ser-

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were suppressed. I was in court every day.”

He paused and gestured at Abigail and Charles. “Let me make you known, by the way, to Miss Dearham. She, like Mr. Haswell here, doesn’t come into this case, much to her regret, and, quite unlike Major Midgeholme, whose motive for shooting Sampson Warrenby, though obscure, you will no doubt discover.”

“Really, Plennmeller, your tongue runs away with you!” said the major stiffly. “Good evening, Chief Inspector. Sad business, this.”

“What a mendacious thing to say,” remarked Gavin, “when we are all perfectly delighted. Or did you mean said for Warrenby?”

“Yes, I rather got the impression that Mr. Warrenby wasn’t what you might call popular,” said Hemingway. “Good evening, Major! I’ve



“In my day I was happy to be just a gentle fire-engine.”

this horrible crime. Properly speaking, we ought to leave you outside, Carsethorn, because you’ll very likely cramp my style. However, I daresay they’ve all had a good look at the car by now, so you may as well go in with us.”

“Well, there’s one person as has seen us, sir,” said the sergeant after a glance at the Red Lion. “That’s Mr. Plennmeller, sitting in the window. I don’t know but what I wouldn’t at soon wait in the car.”

“What you want to do is to get the better of these prejudices of yours,” said Hemingway severely. “What with you having it in for this author, and the inspector getting a down on poor old Mr. Drybeck—as helpful a gentleman as I ever met—you’ll very likely infect me, between the pair of you. You come and introduce me to the local crime expert.”

This, in the event, proved to be unnecessary. No sooner had the three officials entered the bar parlor than Gavin Plennmeller, who was standing drinks to Miss Dearham, Major Midgeholme, and young Mr. Haswell, hailed them with every evidence of delight.

“If it isn’t my friend Sergeant Carsethorn, with—unless my instinct betrays me, which it rarely does—dignitaries from Scotland Yard! Come over here, Sergeant! You’ll never guess what we’ve been talking about. George, serve these gentlemen and chalk it up to my account. That,” he added, addressing himself to Hemingway, after one piercing scrutiny of his face, “is to put you under a some of obligation, in case you decide to arrest me. You’re Chief Inspector Hemingway. You had charge of the Guisborough case. At some future date I shall do my best to get you into a malleable condition. I would give much to know the details of the evidence which

had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Midgeholme already.”

The major looked startled.

“You’ve been to see my wife?”

“Not properly speaking, sir. No, I met her up at Fox House. With Ulysses and Unity,” he added calmly. “Very handsome little dogs. Prize-winners, I understand.”

“The way the police ferret out information!” murmured Gavin, causing the major to flush slightly. “But I don’t think Mrs. Midgeholme ought to have forced Ulysses to visit the scene of his humiliation. Rather sadistic, don’t you agree?”

“No, I do not!” snapped the major.

Abby turned her candid gaze upon Gavin. “Definitely unfunny,” she said. “Why don’t you try to find out who really did it, instead of making up fantastic stories about people who couldn’t possibly have done it? You ought to be able to; you write awfully clever thrillers. I haven’t read any of them myself, actually, but that’s what everyone says.”

“Attagirl!” said Charles admiringly.

“What a low, nasty back-hander!” remarked Gavin. “I shall ignore it. When I write my clever thrillers, ducky, I have the advantage of knowing from the start who did the murder. It makes quite a difference, and serves to show how depressingly unlike life is fiction. My suspects all have lovely motives, too. You never met such a set of crooks as I can assemble in one restricted scene. Why, I once wrote a good stabbing mystery set in a village just like this, and even the verger turned out to have the murkiest kind of past! The people of Thornden are too respectable for me. I won’t say dull, leaving that to be inferred.”

“Would you describe your-

self as dull, sir?” inquired Hemingway. “It isn’t the word I’d have chosen.”

“No, or respectable, either, but when I tried to cast myself for the role of chief suspect I met with nothing but discouragement. The sergeant even snubbed me. I wonder that beer isn’t choking you, Sergeant.”

“What you did, sir, if you’ll pardon me saying so, was to try to pull my leg,” retorted the sergeant.

“Not at all. As an amateur of crime, I felt I ought to be the culprit. Now don’t, anybody, talk to me of that Pole, said to be walking out with mother’s good girl! Any student of crime knows that the guilty man is never the mysterious foreigner. Besides, he’s so obvious. If I can’t have myself or Mrs. Midgeholme, I’ll have the squire, I think.”

“Here, I say! Draw it mild!” protested Charles.

“It’s silly,” said Abby flatly. “He’s just about the most unlikely person you could possibly think of.”

“He is quite the most unlikely person I can think of,” Gavin corrected her. “Therein lies his charm. I am not interested in the obvious. Have another pint, Chief Inspector?”

“No, I won’t do that, thank you, sir. But I find all you’re saying very interesting—speaking as an amateur, why do you feel you ought to be the culprit?”

Gavin regarded him with approval. “You’re restoring my shaken faith in the police force, Chief Inspector. Or are you merely humoring me?”

“Oh, no, sir! It isn’t every day I meet one of you gentlemen who write about crime, and I’d like to know how a real crime strikes you.”

“Disappointingly. There is nothing to solve except the comparatively uninteresting matter of the identity of the murderer. No hermetically sealed room, no unusual weapon, too few seemingly unshakable alibis.”

“Well, I think the identity of the murderer is far more interesting than those other things,” objected Abby. “Fascinating when one, actually knows all the people,” she added naively.

“Ah, yes, but you, my sweet, are a female. Persons are more interesting to you than problems. Will you mind very much if the guilty man proves to be some quite low, insignificant creature you’ve never heard of?”

“No, of course I shan’t. I should be glad, but I’ve got a feeling that won’t happen.”

“I have the greatest respect for womanly intuition. Doesn’t yours inform you that I am a person easily capable of performing a murder?”

“No, of course not!” Abby said, flushing.

“Then it is under-developed. I assure you that I am.”

“Yes, probably,” Charles intervened, “but not this murder. You’d go in for something a bit more subtle.”

“Why, Charles, I did not look for this tribute from you!”

“You can take it that way if you like. I’d be willing enough to consider you for the star part in this drama if I could think of any conceivable reason why you should want to murder Sampson Warrenby. As I can’t, you’ll have to go on being a super, as far as I’m concerned.”

“But doesn’t your dislike of me make it possible for you to picture me in the star role?” Gavin asked softly.

“No.”

“Oh, you are a very poor hater, Charles! Or are you

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42 shirts a week!

Mrs. Donnelly of Howe Parade, Garden City, Vic., has a really big wash on her hands every week . . . not only for her family of 7 . . . but for her father, brother and brother-in-law as well!

5 MEN IN THE FAMILY..
OVER 40 SHIRTS IN THE
WASH EVERY WEEK! THANKS
TO RINSO SUDS, THE WHITES
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COLOURED BRIGHT AS A
GARDEN

MUMMY SAYS IT
TAKES RINSO TO KEEP
MY DANCING FROCKS
SO FRESH AND GAY.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 17, 1954



RINSO's thicker, richer suds make washdays easy

Check the list of "washables" and the Donnelly home begins to look like a small hotel. Six or seven shirts a day . . . linen for seven beds every week . . . towels, tablecloths, dresses. Yet all those whites come out of the wash *dazzling*, every coloured article is brighter than new. And when it comes to washing-up, dishes are done in half the time it takes with slow, old-fashioned bar soap. For Mrs. Donnelly has proved that those thicker, richer Rinso suds are best for everything — whites, coloureds, dishes!



Rinso is the only product
recommended by the makers of
all leading washing machines

2.338 WWFPC

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maliciously attempting to make the Chief Inspector lose interest in me? I have already committed one murder, and I meant to let him find that out for himself."

"On paper. That's different."

"Many, on paper. Only one in actual fact."

"Look here, don't you think this has gone far enough?" said the major uncomfortably. "It isn't quite a fit matter for joking, you know."

"But I wasn't joking. It is well known that I murdered my half-brother."

The major was stricken to silence. Charles said, under his breath: "Must you always dramatise yourself?" and Hemingway, with an air of cosy interest, said conversationally: "Did you, though, sir? And how did you manage that, or is it a secret?"

"It's a lot of nonsense!" muttered Sergeant Garsthorn, glowering at Gavin.

"I induced him to kill himself," Chief Inspector, thus according to his property. Of course, had I known that Walter's money was almost wholly tied up in land, I'm not at all sure that I should have driven him to suicide."

"If you don't like living at Thorden House, why don't you clear out?" demanded Charles.

"Find me a buyer."

The major rose to his feet. "I must be getting along," he said. "If I may say so, Plennier, you're talking plain balderdash!"

"What a lovely word! May I use it, or is it copyright?"

The major ignored him, saying to Hemingway: "The late Mr. Plennier, as I have no doubt the sergeant will tell you, was a bit of a war casualty and took his own life while temporarily of unsound mind."

"Leaving a letter accusing me of having driven him to it," said Gavin. "Don't forget that."

"It's a pity you can't," said the major with unaccustomed verities. "Mistake to keep on brooding over things. Good night, Abby!" He nodded to the rest of the company, said

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"Night!" in a general way, and departed.

"Ought we to be going, too, Charles? Your mother invited me for eight, and I don't want to keep her waiting," said Abby.

He glanced at his watch and rose. "Yes, it's about time we pushed off," he agreed. "I say, Chief Inspector, is it true that Warrenby was shot with a .22 rifle? Or oughtn't I to ask?"

"Oh, I don't mind your asking, sir! But you want to go and ask Sergeant Knarsdale, not me; he's the expert on ballistics."

Charles laughed. "All right! But, if it's true, you've got a very big job on your hands, haven't you? Crowds of people have them here. I've got one myself. First gun my father ever gave me. I used to pot rabbits with it."

"Do you still use it, sir?"

"No, I haven't lately. Too short in the stock for me now. My father had it altered for me when I was a kid, but it's knocking around somewhere."

"Do you mean you don't know where it is?" demanded Abby.

He looked smilingly down at her. "Don't sound so accusing! It's either amongst my junk or in the gun-room. If Mother didn't shove it up in the attic, with my old trairlines."

"But don't you see," exclaimed Abby, her eyes brightening, "someone could have pinched it?"

"Don't be a goop!" he bellowed. "They'd have to have a nerve snooping round the house looking for a stray rifle. Come on, we must push off."

"But I like that theory," said Gavin. "It brings Major Warrenby back into the picture, and she was one of my first fancies. Try as I will, I can't believe in so much saintliness. You ought to have seen her after church this morning! Such a brave little woman nobly doing her best to bear up under heavy sorrow! A schoolboy's gun would have been just the thing for her. Oh, I must go home and work on this new theory."

"I would," said Hemingway cordially. "You might tell me before you go whether you've got a .22 as well as Mr. Haswell."

"I haven't the least idea, but I should think very probably. I don't shoot, myself, but my half-brother had several sporting guns. Would you like to come and see for yourself?"

"Thank you, I would, sir," said Hemingway, getting up. "No harm in making sure, and no time like the present. You two can wait here for me," he added to his subordinates. "I

moderate pace and was rewarded for his consideration with a snap: "Let me assure you that, ungrainy though my gait may be, it does not necessitate my walking at a snail's pace!" said Gavin, an edge to his voice.

"That's good, sir," said Hemingway. "A war injury?"

"I took no part in the war. I was born with a short leg."

"Very hard luck, sir."

"Not in the least. I'm sure I should have disliked soldiering heartily. It does not discommode me in the saddle, and, since hunting is the only sport I have the least desire to engage in, any sympathy you may be silently bestowing on me is entirely wasted."

"Do you get much hunting, sir?"

"No, I cannot afford it. My income doesn't run to more than one decent hunter. Not a bad-looking horse, and not a bad performer on his going days. Other times, it's hit 'em and leave 'em, but he hasn't gone back on me yet."

"Your brother didn't hunt?"

"No. He was such a dreary type, always treaching trees or observing the habits of some birds and shooting others."

"What made him commit suicide—if I may ask?"

"I've told you. I did! With his dying breath he told me so, and you have to believe dying words, don't you?"

"Well, I wouldn't, so to say, bank on them—not under those circumstances. In my experience, the sort of messages which leave behind them would be better put straight on the fire, because they only bring a lot of misery on people that in nine cases out of ten don't deserve it."

"Oh, would you put it as strongly as that? I thought it was so annoying of him, like uttering a dirty crack and then walking out of the room before it can be answered. We have now reached my ancestral home. Go in!"

The Chief Inspector stepped through the gate in the wall and paused for a moment, looking at the gracious house before him.

"Like it?" Gavin asked.

"Yes, sir. Don't you?"

"Aesthetically, very much; sentimentally, a little; practically, not at all. The plumbing is archaic, the repairs—if I could undertake them—would be ruinous; and to run it properly a staff of at least three indoor servants is necessary. I have one crone and a gardener, groom who also does odd jobs."

He led the way up the flagged path to the front door and opened it.

"The room my brother used, amongst other things, as his gun-room is at the back," he said, limping past the elegant staircase to a swing-door covered in moth-eaten brown baize. "Kitchen premises," he said over his shoulder. "Here we are!" He opened a door and signalled to the Chief Inspector to enter. "A disgusting room!" he remarked. "It reeks of dogs, and always will. My brother's spaniels used to sleep in it. A revolting pair, gushingly affectionate and wholly lacking in tact or discrimination. Guns over here." He went to a glass-fronted case and opened it.

"Quite an armory, as you perceive. Including a couple of hammer-guns, which must have belonged to my father. Yes, I thought Walter would probably have a .22. Take it, and do what you will with it!" He lifted it out of the case as he spoke, but paused before handing it to Hemingway and said, with a twisted smile: "Oh, that was unworthy of the veriest tyro, wasn't it? Now I've left my fingerprints on it. That might be quite clever of me, mightn't it?"

"Not so very clever," said Hemingway. "Something tells me that the gun I'm after won't have any prints on it at all. Mind if I borrow this, sir?"

"No, and much good would it do me if I did mind! Would

you like to fire it into my marrow bed? I expect we can find some ammunition for it."

"Not my department, sir," Hemingway said, tucking the rifle under his arm. "I'm much obliged to you, though."

He took his leave of Gavin on the doorstep and found when he stepped through the gate again, that the police car was drawn up outside. He got into the back beside Inspector Harbottle and propped the rifle up between them.

"Well, I'll say this for you, you're a zealous lot of chaps," he remarked. "Or did they throw you out of the pub for getting noisy?"

"Where do you wish to go now, sir?" asked Harbottle severely.

"Back to Bellingham. We've done about enough for today, and given ourselves plenty to think about. Also, I've picked up the first of the rifles we aren't looking for."

"You don't think it could be that one, sir?" asked the sergeant. "I mean, you've got some reason?"

"No, I haven't got any reason, but if I've hit the right one first crack out of the bag it'll be a miracle, and I don't believe in them. Step on it a bit, son; no one will have you up!"

"You have now seen a few of the people you have to deal with," said Harbottle with gloomy satisfaction. "Are you still liking the case, Chief?"

"Of course I am! Why shouldn't I, when I've got half a dozen people doing my job for me?"

This drew a smile from Harbottle, but slightly puzzled the sergeant, who did not recall having seen quite so many persons in the Chief Inspector's train. "Half a dozen, sir?" he repeated.

"Well, that's what's called a conservative estimate," said Hemingway. "From what I've seen, I shouldn't think there's a house or a cottage in Thorden where they aren't chewing over the crime at this very moment. If your Mr. Drybeck hasn't solved

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THE PUSH-BUTTON DISHWASHER

You can wash-up easier, faster, more hygienically using "Sentinel." Dishes, glass, silver . . . AND POTS & PANS . . . can be washed in half the time by this amazing labour-saver. Follow the easy routine below.



1. Put a teaspoonful of detergent in tank.

DOCTOR'S PRAISE "SENTINEL" HYGIENE

Doctors laud the "Sentinel" system of washing-up as a truly hygienic method. No greasy sinks, harbour for germs, no disease-carrying cloths or towels.

EASY TO INSTALL

This handsome, chrome-finished fixture can be installed in any home with a storage hot water system. Your local dealer will arrange installation. Special fittings available for converting existing installations. Complete printed instructions enclosed with every unit.



2. Fill the tank with water.



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3. Remove sink plug. Put the dishes in the sink. Turn on hot and cold water to suit.

"SENTINEL"

THE PUSH-BUTTON DISHWASHER



4. Lift the diverter knob, sending water through the washing-up attachment.



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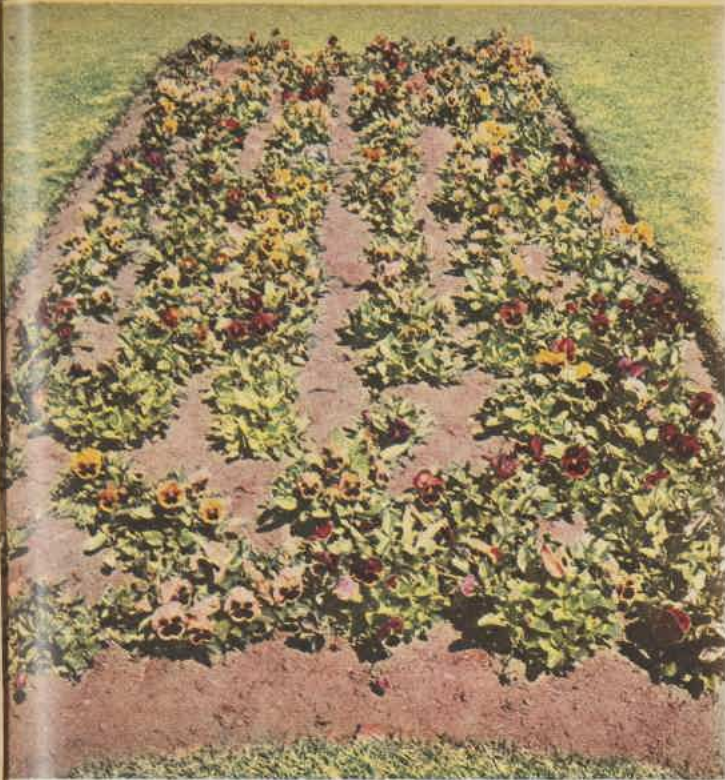
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PANSIES. A fine display of these attractive flowers, photographed in the grounds of Government House, Sydney. Giant blooms in many colors make a bright show, and look attractive arranged in bowls. They are particularly good for table decoration, and tone with almost every color combination used in home furnishing.

A FLOWER FOR THOUGHT

Most appealing and probably the greatest favorite among garden blooms is the pansy, the flower which Shakespeare says is "for thought."

THIS cheerful little plant with its soft flowers has been developed from the European Heartsease.

Pansies have many merits apart from their own special charm. They are easy to grow, have next to no pests, and bloom for almost a year if given a little attention.

Provided they have plenty of sun and a fairly rich soil—if it is not naturally rich, it can be built up artificially—they thrive anywhere. In very hot climates some midday shade will prolong the life of the flowers.

The best time to plant pansy seed is from midsummer to mid-autumn. This gets the plants well established before the winter cold sets in.

Pansies are perennials, but the best results are achieved if they are treated as annuals and sown each year.

One of the most important factors in growing top quality pansies is to have good seed of the best strain. This will ensure rich color, attractive marking, and plenty of variation.

The best strains available are Roggli's Giants (exhibition strain) and Englemann.

The seed should be sown in a seed-box placed where ants are scarce, for pansy seed is a great delicacy in the ant world.

The box, which should be four to five inches deep, is given adequate drainage by covering bottom holes with broken crocks. It is then filled to within about three-quarters of an inch of the top with a mixture of equal parts of rot-

ted cow manure, compost, and sand.

After firming the soil with a flat board and levelling the surface, the pansy seed should be sown thickly in shallow depressions about one-eighth of an inch deep and an inch apart. Then the seed should be covered with the finely sieved soil mixture.

Fresh seed takes nine or ten days to germinate.

The seed-box must be kept damp, not wet. If it is too wet the tiny seedlings may succumb to a fungus disease called

GARDENING

"damping off," with disastrous results.

Always use a very fine spray for watering seed-boxes or the soil may be washed off the seed and the tiny seedlings will die.

By this time you will have decided where the pansies are to be planted eventually. Provided this is not near azaleas or native shrubs, give the soil a dressing of lime and dig it in roughly with a spade.

If the seed has been sown too thickly in the seed-box, the developing seedlings will be too cramped to grow sturdily, and it will be best to prick some of them out into another box, spacing the plants about three inches apart each way. This should be done when seedlings have four or five true leaves.

At this stage the permanent bed should be worked up into a fine tilth. This means digging the previously limed soil to a depth of five or six inches,

smoothing out all lumps, and then adding broken-up cow manure plus a light dusting of complete fertiliser.

If cow manure is unavailable, add compost and a couple of handfuls of complete fertiliser per square yard.

On no account apply lime and animal manure or nitrogenous fertilisers, like blood and bone, together.

When the seedlings are stocky and have a good clump of leaves they are ready for transplanting. Some hours before lifting them soak the box well, and then in the evening or during a showery day lift them carefully so as not to dislodge the earth from the roots.

Make a hole big enough to take the roots without cramping, fill in with soil, and firm well. Plants should be spaced about one foot apart. If using rows, space them about 15 inches apart.

Water the plants thoroughly and shelter temporarily from the sun with light branches or bracken fern if hot weather is expected.

There are three ways to keep pansies flowering.

They should be watered thoroughly and regularly, especially in dry weather; every three or four weeks in the flowering period, starting when the first buds appear, they should be given liquid manure; flowers must be picked often.

Don't be afraid to cut the flowers with foliage attached. They look more attractive this way, and it stimulates the growth as well. If a long branch is cut, another will grow from the crown.

How to wake a lazy appetite



SNAP that gay packet open!
CRACKLE those luscious bubbles onto your plate!
POP them into your mouth!

Crisp? So crisp they sing out loud—Snap! Crackle! Pop!—when you pour on the milk!

Nutritious? Every spoonful is rich in the protein, minerals and vitamins you and your family need every day. Tomorrow, serve Kellogg's Rice Bubbles to your family. No messy pots or grills to wash.

SNAP!

CRACKLE!

POP!

Kellogg's RICE BUBBLES

A LUSCIOUS BREAKFAST CEREAL—MADE FROM A WONDERFUL FOOD—RICE!

the whole mystery by tomorrow, very likely that nice young couple will have done it, and then we can go back to London and take all the credit."

Whatever may have been the topics under discussion in other houses, nothing but the murder of Sampson Warrenby was considered worthy to be talked about at the Cedars, where the son of the house and Miss Dearham were regaling Mrs. Haswell, over cocktails, with a description of the encounter at the Red Lion.

Mrs. Haswell, beyond entertaining a vague hope that no one she knew would prove to be the guilty person, took really very little interest in the affair. She inclined to the belief that the murder had probably been committed by a Bellingham man, and was a good deal more exercised in her mind over the disquieting symptoms suddenly evinced by one of her rarer plants.

However, she and Miss Patterdale were agreed that, although it was disagreeable to persons of their generation to have a murder committed in their midst, it was very nice for the children, to have something to occupy them, Thornden being such a quiet place, with really nothing to do in it at this season except to play tennis.

Miss Patterdale went so far as to say that if it had had to happen she was glad it had happened during Abby's visit, because she was always so afraid Abby would grow bored when she stayed with her.

Mrs. Haswell said: Yes, she felt the same about Charles; but, privately, she thought a murder had not been necessary to keep either Charles or Abby from a state of boredom.

"I rather liked the Chief Inspector, didn't you?" Abby said. "The other one had a quelling sort of face, though. Much more like what one imagines. I do wonder what they're doing!"

"I thought the Chief was leading us all on to talk. I was afraid you were going to come out with your theory."

"Like Gavin. You are a beast, Charles! As though I

Continuing

would! All the same, I bet I'm right."

"Abby thinks old Drybeck did it, Mother."

"Oh, no, dear. I shouldn't think so!" said Mrs. Haswell, quite unperturbed. "He's lived here for years."

Charles, accustomed to the workings of his mother's mind, grinned appreciatively, but said: "The end of it will be, of course, that he'll have her up for slander."

Again Mrs. Haswell demurred, this time on the ground that Mr. Drybeck was Abby's aunt's solicitor.

"Yes, and if I'm right he won't be able to have me up for anything," Abby pointed out. "He's the one person who fits in."

"No, he isn't," Charles contradicted. "He doesn't fit in half as well as Mavis."

"Oh, do shut up about Mavis!" begged Abby. "She couldn't possibly have done it! She's far too dim!"

"If you ask me, she's a dark horse. It's a pity you shirked coming to church this morning. I don't like Gavin, but he was dead right about her. Talk of over-acting! She was doing the heartbroken heroine all over the shop, accepting condolences and drivelling about her dear uncle's kindness, and being alone in the world, until even Mother fell sick!"

"Well, no, darling, not sick exactly," said Mrs. Haswell. "It was all a little insincere, but I expect she feels that's the way she ought to behave. There's something about death that turns people into the most dreadful hypocrites. I was just as bad when your grandfather died, until your father pointed out how disagreeable and exacting he'd been for years, wearing poor Granny out, and never being in the least pleased to see any of us."

"You weren't the same as Mavis at all!" said Charles. "You didn't pretend to be a saint and tell everyone you wished he hadn't left his money to you."

"No, darling, but I always knew he must have done that,

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and, in any case, it didn't come to me till Granny died. Not that I should have said anything so silly."

"Yes, but that's just the kind of thing one would expect Mavis to say," Abby pointed out. "And the worst thing about people like that is that they actually believe what they say. And, in any case, she added, struck by a powerful thought, "can you see Mavis firing a gun?"

"I didn't see it," said Charles with emphasis. "All I know about her is that she chose to come down here and act as a sort of unpaid drudge for an out-and-out swine who wasn't even decently polite to her rather than get a job and be able to call her soul her own. And I never knew why till yesterday."

MRS. HASWELL

interpolated a mild comment. "Well, Charles, until yesterday you never really thought about Mavis' affairs at all, did you?" she said.

"She said she felt it was her duty to look after dear uncle," said Abby.

"Boloney!" said Charles scornfully. "I may not have thought much about it, but I do recall that in one of her expansive moments she disclosed that it was such a surprise to her when dear uncle wrote to offer her a home, because she had never even met him. So if you're nourishing a vision of Warrenby being the prop of his sister-in-law's declining years, can it! He offered Mavis a home because, for one thing, he needed a hostess in his big social climb and, for another, he thought it would be grand to have a housekeeper and general dog's body he wouldn't have to pay and could bully!"

"Yes, that's perfectly true," conceded Abby. "But I still say she didn't do it. Do you know what I did when you were all at church this morning? I walked down to Mr. Drybeck's house and then cut

back to Fox House, across the common, timing myself, and I found he could have done it easily. It took me exactly six minutes to reach the goose bushes. What's more, there's plenty of cover, because there are lots of bushes and things on that part of the common."

"I don't say Drybeck couldn't have done it in the time, but I don't suppose he'd walk as fast as you did. He's too old."

"What rot!" said Abby scornfully. "He's as thin as a heron, and look at him on the tennis court!"

At this moment Mr. Haswell walked into the room, saying, as he shut the door, that if Charles must borrow his clothes he did wish he would sometimes put them back where they belonged instead of leaving them all over the house.

He said this without ill-will, and certainly without any hope that his words would bear fruit; and his son replied, as he invariably did, "Sorry, Dad," and then dismissed the matter from his mind.

Mr. Haswell, having by this time observed that a guest was present, shook hands with Abby, favoring her with a gracious smile. He was a well-built man with a square, rather impassive countenance and a taciturn disposition; and, although he was a pleasant host and accepted with perfect equanimity all the young people who invaded his house and danced to the radio or argued loudly and interminably on such subjects as surrealism, Anglo-Soviet relations, and the ballet, most of Charles' friends stood in considerable awe of him.

Appealed to now by Charles to state whether he thought old Drybeck had murdered Sampson Warrenby, he replied calmly, "Certainly not," and poured himself out a glass of sherry.

"Well, that's Abby's theory. I think it's possible, but my own bet is that it was Mavis. What's your view, Dad?"

"That you'd both of you do better to leave it to the police



"I know I could trust YOU not to repeat it, my dear. It's the people you tell it to that I'm not sure of."

and not talk quite so much about it," replied his father.

Abby, at this, would have abandoned the entrancing topic at once, but Charles persisted. "You know perfectly well we're bound to talk about it. It's quite the most interesting thing that's ever befallen Thornden."

Feeling that Charles had broken the ice, Abby said, "There's a Chief Inspector from Scotland Yard; and we actually talked to him at the Red Lion!"

"Did you, indeed?" he said, smiling faintly. "That must have been a thrill for you. I hope you didn't tell him what your theories are?"

"No, we were madly discreet," she assured him.

"I didn't have to tell him my theory," said Charles. "Gavin did that for me. Oh, I say, Mother, do you know what became of my old 22, by any chance? The one Dad got for me when I was at school?"

"Do you mean the one you used to shoot rabbits with, darling? Yes, I lent it to old Newbiggin's grandson—the one with the extraordinary ears—who was so helpful that time Woodhorn was ill and I couldn't get the car to start."

"Oh! Did he bring it back?"

"Oh, yes, I'm sure he must have," said Mrs. Haswell, folding up her tapestry work and removing the thimble from her finger. "Why, you don't want it, do you, Charles?"

"No, but it looks as if the Chief Inspector will. Gavin had the bright idea that it would have been just the rifle for Mavis to handle, and I should think they're bound to follow that up. And if it's scuffling about the village—"

"No, it isn't. I remember now!" said Mrs. Haswell. "Jim Newbiggin returned it one day when I was in London, and Molly put it in the cloakroom. I meant to put it with the rest of your stuff in the attic, and then I forgot and I don't know what became of it."

Charles exclaimed inelegantly and left the room. He returned in a very few minutes, carrying in one gloved hand a light rifle.

"Shoved at the back of the coat-cupboard," he said briefly. "Now, where would be a safe place to put it? I haven't touched it and no one must, because of fingerprints. Look."

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Are you in the know?



Which can help you land the job?

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Pipsqueaks and Timid Tillies don't score with the personnel department. But shyness and a tense voice needn't plague you — if you're sure you look smooth. That's one reason why good grooming is vital, especially in that first interview. It's a prop for your poise. And even if the interview is set for one of "those" days you can still be poised with Kotex. Not a bulge, not a ridge to show. Only Kotex is tapered to fit you, from a deep protective area where you need it, to thin flat pressed ends that melt into the lines of your body. You can wear your newest straightest skirt with Kotex.



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Featherweight ----- 1/9
Wonderform ----- 3/2



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☐ A suit? ☐ A cute print dress? ☐ A fancy evening dress?

Choose yourself one of the new loose-fitting suits. You can wear it more often—with varied accessories to suit most every occasion. Be a shrewd shopper. Choose clothes that you can keep living with. And when shopping for sanitary napkins choose Kotex to keep comfortable. Kotex extra softness doesn't pack hard like other napkins you've worn—can't string up. And those special feather-soft edges cannot chafe, there isn't even a fold to rub. Undo a Kotex napkin and see!

Which of these have you forgotten to buy?

☐ Deodorant? ☐ A nail file? ☐ A new sanitary belt?

"I'm not careless about daintiness," you say, "only a drip would let rough nails snag stockings." But—yes, like most girls you've put off buying that new Kotex belt until "Next Time." Come now. To get all the comfort your napkin gives, now's the time to buy a new belt. There's a Kotex dispenser on the counter where you buy Kotex. Pick out the belt that suits you and hand it across to the assistant. You don't even need to ask.



2/11 everywhere
More women throughout the world choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins.

I'll put it on the top of the cabinet for the time being."

"Must you use my gloves?" asked his father.

"Sorry, Dad! There weren't any others, and it isn't greasy." He then deposited the rifle well out of any housemaid's reach, stripped off the glove, and dropped it on a chair. Mr. Haswell observed this with disfavor, but, as the going sounded at that moment, he said nothing, merely picking his glove up on his way out of the room and restoring it to the cloak-room himself.

Since only one of the three servants was on duty on Sunday evenings, supper at the Cedars was cold, and no one waited at table. There was thus no bar to exhaustive discussion of the murder other than Mr. Haswell's silent disapproval. And, as it was Mrs. Haswell who set the ball rolling again by saying that she really didn't think Mavis was the kind of girl to borrow things without asking if she might, Abby felt herself at liberty to pursue her own theory.

"Of course she wouldn't!" she said. "Gavin only said it to be clever. Like saying that if he couldn't have Mavis or himself for the murderer he'd have Mr. Ainstable."

"What?" said Mr. Haswell, looking up.

"Yes, because he was the most unlikely person he could think of."

"Do you mean to say that Plessneller said that in front of this Chief Inspector you say you must?"

"Yes," replied Charles, turning the contents of the salad bowl over in chase of an elusive olive. "I thought it was a bit thick myself, but I don't suppose it really mattered much. Too fatuous!"

"Besides, Mr. Ainstable didn't mind Mr. Warrenby nearly as much as most people did," Abby remarked. "I mean, he and Mrs. Ainstable have him to parties, don't they? Had him, I mean."

"Yes—and, come to think of it, why?" said Charles slowly. "He was about the last man on earth you'd expect the Ainstables to have had any time

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for at all, and it wasn't even as though he was their solicitor. Why did they take him up, Dad?"

"I have no idea, nor should I have said that they did more than show him a little ordinary civility."

Charles was frowning. "Well, I think they did. The squire quite definitely introduced him to you, didn't he, Mother? And he'd never have wormed his way into the club if the squire hadn't sponsored him."

"I expect the Ainstables felt it was their duty to be neighborly," said Mrs. Haswell placidly.

"Well, they didn't feel it was their duty to be neighborly to those ghastly people who evacuated themselves here from London during the blitz and took Thornden House for the duration," said Charles. "They never had anything to do with them at all!"

"No, but that was different," replied his mother. "They weren't permanent residents, and they got things on the black-market and said that if you knew your way about you could always get extra petrol. You couldn't expect the Ainstables to have anything to do with them."

"No, but that's just the type of man Warrenby was, too," Charles said.

"We don't know he was, dear. He wasn't here during the war."

"At all events, he wasn't the kind of man the squire usually encourages."

"Oh, no, not in the least, I must say," remarked Mrs. Haswell reflectively. "I have sometimes wondered why he bothered to be nice to him, particularly when poor Mr. Drybeck disliked him so much."

"He did dislike him, didn't he?" said Abby eagerly.

"Well, dear, I'm afraid we all did."

"But Mr. Drybeck much more than most people, Charles. I can't think how you can be so dim about this! Going on and on about Mavis, when all

the evidence points to Mr. Drybeck."

"It doesn't. Besides—"

"Yes it does," Abby insisted. "He had a motive, for one thing. Not just hating Warrenby, but being done down by him, which I know from things Aunt Miriam's told me. Losing clients to him, and Warrenby pulling fast ones on him."

"Abby, my sweet, be your age!" Charles besought her. "Look at poor old Thaddeus! The most respectable body!"

"Like Armstrong!" she flashed. "That's what's been in my mind all day! He's a solicitor, too, and it's almost the same motive. Armstrong was a respectable little man; no one ever dreamed he would murder anyone, but he did, so it's no use saying the motive isn't strong enough."

"I agree with all that, but you're forgetting that it was Armstrong's second murder. He was tried for having poisoned his wife, and he had a much stronger motive for that. I don't suppose he'd have tried to do in his rival if he hadn't got away with the first murder. Probably made him think he was so clever he could get away with any number of murders. Isn't it true, Dad, that if a murderer gets away with it he very often commits another murder?"

"So I believe," replied his father. "But if you are suggesting that Drybeck has already murdered someone it's high time you curbed your imagination."

"I'm not. I'm merely pointing out to Abby where Drybeck's resemblance to Armstrong ceases."

"Well, whatever you're doing, I think we've had about enough of the subject," said Mr. Haswell. "Did you get any tennis this afternoon?"

This question, impartially addressed to both the young people, put an effectual end to the discussion. It was not reopened, the rest of the evening

being spent in playing bridge. Only when Charles motored her back to Fox Cottage did Abby say: "Was your father annoyed with us for talking about the murder?"

"Oh, no!" said Charles. "I think he's afraid we shall be indiscreet in the wrong company, that's all. Like Gavin."

She wrinkled her brow. "He isn't indiscreet. He's waspish." "Baiting the major? I don't think he's doing anyone any harm, you know. Merely showing off."

"He was definitely waspish about Mavis," she insisted.

"And who shall blame him? So am I."

"Yes, but you wouldn't sick the police on to her," she said seriously.

"Under certain circumstances I might."

"What circumstances? I don't believe you would!"

"Like a shot I would! If I thought the police were after me, or my people." He paused, rounding the corner into Fox Lane. "Or you," he added.

"Thanks awfully! Big of you!"

"I'm like that," he said unctuously, pulling up outside Fox Cottage. "Nothing I won't do for the people I love!"

"Go to the stake for them, I shouldn't wonder," she returned with an uncertain little laugh. "Oh, here comes Aunt Miriam."

"Hallo, Charles," said Miss Patterdale, opening the gate and coming up to the car with a large cardboard dress-box under her arm. "I thought you'd bring Abby back, so I packed up the things for your mother's sale of work. Will you give them to her, please?"

He took the box from her and threw it somewhat unceremoniously on to the back seat. "All right, Aunt Miriam. Is that ghastly sale upon us again already? What about running down to the sea tomorrow after tea, Abby? I'll look in in the morning on my way to the office and see how you feel about it. Night, Aunt Miriam."

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



"Nice boy, Charles," remarked Miss Patterdale, accompanying her niece up the path to the front door. "Did you solve the mystery between you?"

"No. Actually, Mr. Haswell rather squashed us. I say, Aunt Miriam, you know Charles and I looked in at the Red Lion for a short one before we went on to the Cedars? Well, we were having drinks with Gavin and Major Midgeholme when that detective who interviewed Mavis walked in, and whoever do you think he brought with him?"

"Two detectives from Scotland Yard," said Miss Patterdale promptly. "I met them at Fox House."

"Oh, no, did you really? What did you think of the little one—the Chief Inspector? I rather fell for him. He's got a sense of humor, and he handled Gavin a fair treat!"

"I should say," responded Miss Patterdale grimly, "that he is adept in handling people 'a fair treat,' as you put it. You should have heard him with Flora Midgeholme! I knew this would lead to trouble."

"No, why should it? Only for the murderer, and you don't mind that, do you?"

"Certainly not, but it won't

be only for the murderer. If I know anything about it. There won't be a skeleton in Thornden that isn't dug up. Don't tell me! Your Chief Inspector said that they always tried to be discreet. I don't know whether he thought I believed him. I suppose you know he called on Thaddeus Drybeck?"

"No! What happened? Tell me!"

"I don't know, except that he's made Thaddeus behave like a cat on hot bricks. He came up here after supper with one of the feeblest excuses I've ever heard, and tried to make me remember what time it was when Mavis came to tell me her uncle had been killed. I'm not surprised he's losing ground in his practice: make him grasp that I wasn't likely to remember something I'd never known I could not! I couldn't think what he was after. You'd never guess what it turned out to be. He's trying to prove that Mavis killed her uncle. Silly old fool! The fact of the matter is he's lived the whole of his life wrapped up in cotton-wool and this affair has frightened him out of his wits."

Over a cool drink she repeated most of her afternoon's

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adventures, and they discussed the current suspicions.

Abby, who was trying to pour out a glass of lemonade without allowing the scraps of peel to slide out of the jug, suspended her operations to stare at her aunt. "Is he really scared?" she asked. "Then it all goes to show! Why should he be scared if he had nothing to do with it? Trying to divert suspicion on to someone else, too."

Miss Patterdale was rather amused by this. "Well, you all of you seem to suspect someone, so why shouldn't he?"

"No. Only Charles and me, really, because Gavin isn't serious. The Haswells don't suspect anyone, and the major doesn't either."

"Flora does," said Miss Patterdale with a short bark of laughter. "What an utter fool that woman can be! She can't make up her mind whether that Pole did it or the Lindales—either one of them or both."

"The Lindales," repeated Abby, considering this suggestion dispassionately. "I don't know them well enough to say. Why does Mrs. Midgeholme think they might have?"

"No reason at all. Mrs. Lindale has been a little stand-offish to her. Don't blame her!"

"What do the Lindales themselves say about it?"

"My dear girl, you don't suppose I've been up to Rushford, do you? I've no idea."

"Oh, no, I just thought you might have seen them after church."

"They aren't churchgoers. At least, he isn't. I don't know what she may do; I believe she's an R.C."

"Aunt Miriam, why did the Ainstables take Warrenby up?" Abby asked suddenly.

"It's news to me that they did," said Miss Patterdale curtly.

"Aunt Miriam! I distinctly remember you saying once that

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you couldn't imagine why the squire tolerated him!"

"Tolerating people isn't the same as taking them up. Who's been putting this idea into your head?"

"Gavin more or less started it."

"He would!" interrupted Miss Patterdale, her eyes snapping.

"Oh, he didn't say anything about that. He was only talking rot about the squire having done the murder because he was the least likely person," said Abby, not very lucidly. "And that made Charles ask his father exactly what I've asked you."

"It did, did it? And what did Mr. Haswell say?"

Abby laughed and gave her a hug. "He was rather snubbing. Like you, angel."

"So I should hope! Now, Abby, I've nothing to say against your playing at detection, but leave the Ainstables alone. If the Ainstables were kinder than most of us to that odious man, it was because they always feel they have a duty towards everyone in the district."

"It's all right; I'm not going to do anything snailish," Abby assured her. "All the same, you do think it was funny of the Ainstables, don't you?"

"Whatever I may have thought on that subject, I most certainly don't think it had anything to do with Warrenby's murder. Come along; it's time we went to bed."

Before he went to bed that night, Inspector Harbottle, who had spent some part of the evening at the police station studying the firearms register, was able to inform his chief, with a certain gloomy satisfaction, that thirty-seven persons living within reasonable dis-

tance of Thornden possessed 22 rifles.

"And that, mind you, is only within a twenty-mile radius," he added, unfolding a piece of paper.

Hemingway, who had himself been engaged with the papers he had taken from Sampson Warrenby's desk, perceived that he was about to read his list aloud, and instantly discouraged him.

"I don't want to hear you reciting the names of a lot of people I've never heard of, Horace. Checking up on the rifles is a nice job for the locals and one that'll just about suit them. You tell me who owns a .22 in Thornden. That'll be enough to be going on with."

"It wouldn't surprise me if we had to throw the net much wider," said Harbottle. "You're very optimistic, Chief, but—"

"Get on!" commanded Hemingway.

"Very good, sir. According to the register, there are eleven .22 rifles in Thornden. That includes three belonging to farmers living just outside the village, which, I dare say, you aren't interested in."

"You're right. And if I have any check from you, Horace, I'll give you the job of checking up on the whole thirty-seven."

The inspector permitted himself to smile faintly.

"Well, the squire has one," he offered. "Likewise a chap called Eckford, his agent, and a John Hemshaw, gamekeeper. Setting aside the possibility that someone might have got hold of their rifles unbeknownst, there doesn't seem to be any reason, from what Carsethorn tells me, to think they could have had anything to do with

the case. Next, there's Kenelm Lindale; he has one."

"Which he lent to Ladislav, the Pole, not so long ago. I remember that one," interpolated Hemingway.

"I thought you would," said Harbottle, eyeing him with melancholy pride.

"Then there's young Mr. Haswell's, which he spoke about, and Mr. Plenneller's, which you picked up. Josiah Crailing has one—he's the landlord of the Red Lion—and the last belongs to Mr. Cliburn, the vicar. Mr. Drybeck's got a shotgun only, and Major Midgeholme's hanging on to his Service revolver and six cartridges, which there's a fight about every time his firearms licence is due for renewal. So far he's managed to keep them."

He folded his list and put it back in his pocket. "That's the lot, Chief—so far as the register goes. Do you want Carsethorn to pull them all in?"

"What, the whole thirty-seven?"

"Eleven," Harbottle corrected him.

"Call it eight, Horace. If all else fails, maybe I'll start to take an interest in these three farmers of yours, but so far I've got enough on my hands without annoying people that very likely wouldn't have recognised Warrenby if they'd met him in the street. Tell Carsethorn to make the usual inquiries and not to go cluttering poor old Knardsdale up with a lot of rifles which their owners can account for."

He paused and considered for a moment. "No sense in getting ourselves disliked more than we probably are already," he went on. "I'm going to Thornden myself tomorrow and I



shall be paying a call on the vicar. Tell Carsethorn I'll bring in that rifle, if I see fit. He'd better pull in the squire's, Lindale's, and young Haswell's first thing. He seems a fairly sensible chap, but you'd better warn him to do the thing tactfully, particularly when he gets to the squire. The usual stuff about persons unauthorised perhaps having got hold of it."

The inspector nodded, but said: "You're going to see the vicar?"

"Yes, and his rifle gives me a nice excuse."

"Carsethorn did check up on his alibi. It seems all right, Chief."

"That's why I need an excuse. By what the colonel tells me, this Reverend Anthony Cliburn is just the man I want to give me the low-down on this high-class set-up. So far, I've had to listen to Mrs. Midge-

holme, who thinks Lindale murdered Warrenby, because Mrs. Lindale's stand-offish to her, and to Drybeck, who's in a blue funk; and to Plenneller, who wants to be funny; and I'm getting muddled. When you want to know the ins and outs of village life, Horace, go and talk to the vicar. Not that it's any use telling you that, because you haven't got the art of making people talk."

"Anything in Warrenby's papers, sir?" said the inspector coldly.

"Nothing that looks like doing us any good. We may find something at his office tomorrow, but I shall be surprised if we do."

The inspector grunted and sat down. He watched Hemingway collect the papers into a pile and then said: "There

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1. "You'd never believe these frocks were four years' old—they look new this season" marvelled Aunt Jenny. Mrs. Thompson smiled. "They've had plenty of wear. But of course they've always been washed in Velvet so they've never needed any hard rubbing."



2. "I think my son will be a chef when he grows up" laughed Mrs. Thompson. "He's a wizard at mud pies, and Ann's not far behind. Thank goodness Velvet is so helpful for their clothes, especially on the extra-grimy parts where dirt sticks tightly."



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from page 46

is something that strikes me, Chief."

"Second time today. You're coming on," said Hemingway encouragingly. "Go on! Don't keep me on tenterhooks."

"From the moment I was told the shot was probably fired from a .22 rifle," said the inspector. "I've been wondering what was done with that rifle. Because it seems to me it would be taking a big risk to walk away with it over your shoulder or under your arm. But I watched you go off up the street with Plennmeller, Chief, and it came to me then that if anyone could walk about with a rifle concealed he could. He could push it down his left trouser-leg and, with that queer limp of his, no one would notice a thing."

"Not bad at all, Horace," approved Hemingway. "Now, tell me why he takes it home and puts it back in the gun-cabinet instead of dropping it in the river or somebody's back-yard—which is just the sort of little joke that would appeal to him, I should think. He inherited his guns from that brother of his; he doesn't shoot himself—which I believe, because, for one thing, he's not the kind of fool who'll tell lies to the police which they could easily disprove, and, for another, I noticed that the guns in that cabinet were showing signs of rust—and if he'd chosen to say that he didn't know where the rifle was, and hadn't even known it wasn't in the cabinet, it would have been a difficult job to prove it hadn't been pinched. Because it could have been, easy! His door's kept on the latch and he's got a deaf housekeeper." He got up, glancing at the marble clock over the fireplace. "I'm turning in, and you'd better do the same."

On the following morning Inspector Harbottle betook himself to Sampson Warrenby's office and Hemingway went round to the police station, where, after putting through a call to headquarters, he had an interview with the Chief Constable and received a brief report from Sergeant Knarsdale.

The sergeant had already despatched the bullet, with its cartridge-case, which he had fired from Gavin Plennmeller's rifle, to London, but he spoke frankly that he was not hopeful. "I wouldn't like to say—not for sure—without seeing them under the comparison-microscope," he told Hemingway. "But I think they'll find there's some marks on this cartridge-case I couldn't spot on the other. Got any more for me, sir?"

"Sergeant Garsethorn will be bringing in three more this morning, unless they've got unaccountably mislaid."

Knarsdale grinned. "Regular arsenal we'll have here!"

"You don't know the half of it! The inspector's got thirty-seven on his list."

"Ah, well! We'll be able to get up a competition," said the sergeant, who knew his Chief Inspector.

"That's right. I'm just off to buy some nice prizes for you," said Hemingway, and left him, chuckling gently.

Ten minutes' walk brought the Chief Inspector to Sampson Warrenby's office. A guide was offered, but, as he was informed that he had only to cross the market place to South Street, which was the main shopping street in Bellingham, and to walk down it until he reached East Street, which intersected it, he declined the offer and set off alone.

A large number of country omnibuses were ranked in the market place, and South Street was already congested with all those who had come into the town to do the week's shopping. Hemingway caught a glimpse of Miss Patterdale stalking into a grocer's with a large basket on her arm, and a minute later he met Gavin Plennmeller emerging from a bank.

"Scotland Yard in person!" exclaimed Gavin, causing everyone within earshot to turn and stare at Hemingway. "But what are you doing, frittering away your time in idle sight-seeing, Chief Inspector?"

"Yes, it's easy to see why you aren't, so to say, popular with Sergeant Garsethorn, sir," said Hemingway, eyeing him grimly. "Pity you forgot your megaphone!"

Gavin laughed. "I am so sorry!" he mocked, and passed on up the street.

HEMINGWAY proceeded on his way and soon arrived at Sampson Warrenby's office in East Street. Here he was received by a junior clerk and afforded two stenographers and the office-boy their second thrill of the day.

All three of them just managed to catch a glimpse of him as he was led to Sampson Warrenby's room, and, although the glimpse was a brief one, it was sufficient to enable the elder of the two damsels to state that he had eyes that looked right through you and to convince the younger that if she were summoned before him to answer any questions she wouldn't be able to speak a word on account of her being so high-strung, as anyone who knew her could testify.

The office-boy said in a very boastful way that it would take more than a C.I.D. man to scare him, after which he went off to the post office with two unimportant letters, his mind being troubled with a horrid fear that from so high-ranking an official not one of his youthful peccadilloes could remain hidden.

Meanwhile, the Chief Inspector had joined his subordinate in Sampson Warrenby's room and had made the acquaintance of Mr. Coupland, the head clerk.

Mr. Coupland was a thin little man with sparse, grizzled hair and anxious face. He greeted the Chief Inspector nervously and said: "This is a shocking business! I can't get over it. As I've been saying to the inspector, I don't know what's going to happen. I'm sure, Mr. Warrenby not having a partner. It's very worrying, very. I really don't know what I ought to do. Not when we've cleared up what we have on hand."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't help you there," said Hemingway. "Busy practice, this?"

"Oh, very. Very busy, indeed!" Mr. Coupland said earnestly.

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.

estly. "The biggest practice in Bellingham and growing so—well, Mr. Warrenby was talking of having to take a partner. And now this! Well, I don't seem able to believe, it's happened, and that's a fact."

"Came as a surprise to you, did it?"

The clerk blinked at him. "Oh, yes, it did, indeed! More like a shock, really. Well, as I say, I can't realise it. I keep thinking Mr. Warrenby will come walking in any moment, wanting to know if the Widdingham lease has been posted and—"

But, of course, he won't."

He glanced up with an uncertain smile and was disconcerted to find himself the object of a bright, piercing scrutiny. He did his best to meet it, the smile fading from his face.

"Been his head clerk for long?" Hemingway asked.

"Ever since he started practice in Bellingham," said Mr. Coupland with a touch of pride.

"And you didn't know that he had any enemies?"

"No—no, indeed! I didn't! Mr. Warrenby wasn't one to take people into his confidence. Even in practice there were always some things he preferred to deal with himself. He was a very energetic, forceful man, Chief Inspector."

"By what I've heard he was a man who made a lot of enemies."

"Yes, I believe—that is, as to his private affairs I couldn't say, but professionally, of course, he wasn't well liked. He was very successful, you see, and that made for a good deal of jealousy. On the council, too, and all the committees he sat on—well, in everything, really, he would have his own way, and—perhaps I shouldn't say this, but—I fear he wasn't always very scrupulous in his methods. He once said to me that there were few things he enjoyed more than making people dance when he pulled their strings, and, of course, that sort of thing doesn't make a man popular."

He added quickly, "Certainly, he always treated me very well and all the staff, but I couldn't but wonder sometimes at the trouble he'd go to to discover everything about the people he came into contact with. I ventured to ask him once, but he only said you could never know when it might be useful."

"Blackmail?" asked Hemingway bluntly.

"Oh, no, no! I wouldn't say that. I never saw anything to make me suspect—it always seemed more to me as though it amused him to make people he didn't like uncomfortable by letting them see he knew something about them they wouldn't wish to be known. Oh, quite trivial things. There aren't many of us who haven't ever done anything we wouldn't be a bit ashamed to have known. If you understand me."

"I understand you all right. And you were surprised when you heard someone had shot this pocket-Hilder of yours?"

Mr. Coupland looked startled. "Yes, indeed, I was! Oh, dear, I hope I haven't given you a wrong impression. I didn't mean to say that Mr. Warrenby did anything to make anyone want to murder him. Often he would say things more by way of a joke than anything: twitting one about some little misfortune or mistake. Well, he's done that to me, and I won't deny it did make me angry, but—but there was nothing in it really."

"I see," said Hemingway. "Well, Mr. Coupland, I don't have to tell you that it's your duty to give me any assistance or information you can, so I'll put it straight to you: have you any reason to suspect that"

To page 53

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Above: Medically attested photograph of Mr. B.F.S.'s leg before F"99" treatment. Shaded area shows extent of ulcer, unhealed since 1916. (New Malden, England). Right: Medically attested photograph of Mr. B.F.S.'s leg after 14 weeks' F"99" treatment.

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★ Judith and Lynette Spencer are identical twins. Judith (on the right) has a Toni and her sister an expensive perm. Yet you can't tell the difference.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 17, 1954

Cavalcade of Music

★ The career and music of Glenn Miller, one of America's top dance-band personalities, are featured in Universal's technicolor biography, "The Glenn Miller Story." James Stewart plays the role of trombone-playing Miller. Noted trombonist Joe Yukl records the music on the sound track. The score includes complete arrangements of 12 Glenn Miller hit tunes and other music by popular modern composers.



SPECTACULAR "Moonlight Serenade" sequence is a film highlight. There are several original bandmen in the cast. Louis Armstrong and Gene Krupa participate in a jam session, and Frances Langford and the Modernaires feature in a re-enactment of a G.I. show.



JUNE ALLYSON and James Stewart (left) co-star as husband and wife in the film. June's part as Mrs. Helen Miller is her first independent film role in Hollywood.

JAMES STEWART (right) uses Glenn Miller's actual trombone in the film's musical scenes. He wears spectacles that are duplicates of those worn by the musician.



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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ The Jazz Singer

SENTIMENT and songs are the mainstays of Warners' technicolor musical "The Jazz Singer."

The film is a remake of their 1927 production, which pioneered talking pictures and made Al Jolson the toast of the movie world.

Comedian Danny Thomas plays the Jolson role in this modernised version of the story. Lacking Jolson's flair for rocking a tune across, Thomas has an ingratiating style of his own that is easy to take.

The story behind "The Jazz Singer" is a syrupy affair in which Thomas, returning after two years in Korea with a theatrical career in mind, causes a family upheaval by failing to follow in the footsteps of his father (Eduard Franz) as Cantor of the Sinai Temple in Philadelphia. A considerable amount of religious ritual backgrounds the domestic scene.

The generous musical score that flourishes around this thin thread of story contains tuneful old numbers that will set the feet tapping. Danny Thomas also performs a couple of his television specialty acts.

Playing her first feature film lead, blond entertainer Peggy Lee is a spirited actress. In straight singing sequences her voice is pleasant, but her solo numbers, put over in the modern manner, are apt to set the teeth on edge.

As the long-suffering mother of Danny Thomas, talented Mildred Dunnock touches genuine emotion.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

★★ Four in a Jeep

MADE for propaganda purposes, "Four in a Jeep" (I.F.D.) is nevertheless good dramatic entertainment.

Set in post-war Vienna, in the international zone, the film sets out to show that Russians are not as lacking in human feeling as they are made out to be.

The four in the jeep are military police, an American, a Russian, an Englishman, and a Frenchman. They become interested in the plight of a pretty Viennese girl (Viveca Lindfors), whose husband, a P.O.W. in Russia, is due to return.

There is a slight hitch in the plans, and the man returns to his wife as a fugitive from the Russians.

From the beginning of the film the Russian appears to be a baddie, but is later shown to be doing only what he feels is his duty. If any one member of the quartet loses the sympathy of the audience it is the American.

Swedish star Viveca Lindfors, Yoseph Yadin, the Russian, Dinan, the Frenchman, and Michael Medwin, the Englishman, are all excellent in their parts.

The occasional false note is struck by Ralph Meeker in the role of the rather loud-mouthed American.

All in all the film achieves the purpose of bringing personal relationships down to the human, rather than the political and national, level.—J.B.

In Sydney—Variety.

News from the studios

ANTON WALBROOK has flown into London with a broken knee cartilage. He got it fighting a lady. Walbrook was in Paris filming "L'Affaire Maurizius" opposite Italian film star Eleanora Rossi-Drago. Came the great seduction scene. "Make it violent," urged the French director. The ensuing boudoir free-for-all resulted in heavy casualties. For beautiful Rossi-Drago, too, was carted off for treatment with a sprained wrist.

FOLLOWING her hard-bitten stage star in the technicolor musical "Torch Song," Joan Crawford plans to produce "Miss O'Brien," in which she will play a gentle schoolteacher.

AUSTRALIAN Michael

Pate is now among the big-income bracket film players. His salary has reached four figures a week. Michael has been cast to play a menace in "The Talisman."



DARK-HAIRED Lana Turner accepts a cup of tea while Clark Gable (left) concentrates on the script of "Betrayed," the British-made film in which they co-star. The story of the Dutch Resistance was shot partly in Holland.



MUTUAL ADMIRATION is indicated by Danny Kaye and his seven-year-old daughter Dena. The photograph was taken on the set of Kaye's new picture, "Knock on Wood," a technicolor comedy with music.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "Malta Story," war drama, starring Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, Anthony Steel, Muriel Pavlow. Plus ★★ "Royal Symphony," full-length documentary in technicolor.

CENTURY.—★★ "The Moon is Blue," comedy, starring William Holden, Maggie McNamara, David Niven. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "The Conquest of Everest," full-length technicolor documentary. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★★ "Appointment in London," war drama, starring Dirk Bogarde, Dinah Sheridan. Plus ★ "It's Folly to Be Wise," comedy, starring Alastair Sim, Elizabeth Allen.

LIBERTY.—★★ "Kiss Me, Kate," 3-D technicolor musical, starring Howard Keel, Kathryn Grayson. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★ "Walking My Baby Back Home," technicolor musical, starring Donald O'Connor, Janet Leigh. Plus ★ "Son of Ali Baba," technicolor fantasy, starring Tony Curtis.

LYRIC.—★★ "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," thriller, starring Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Ingrid Bergman. Plus ★ "Vengeance Valley," technicolor Western, starring Burt Lancaster, Joanne Dru, Robert Walker. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★★ "The Jazz Singer," technicolor musical, starring Danny Thomas, Peggy Lee. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★ "Flat Top," war drama in color, starring Sterling Hayden, Richard Carlson, Phyllis Coates. Plus ★ "Once a Thief," comedy, starring Cesar Romero, June Havoc. (Re-release.)

PLAZA.—★★ "How to Marry a Millionaire," technicolor CinemaScope comedy, starring Marilyn Monroe, Lauren Bacall, Betty Grable, David Wayne, Cameron Mitchell, William Powell. Plus "Coronation Parade," technicolor CinemaScope feature.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "Forever Female," comedy, starring Ginger Rogers, Paul Douglas, William Holden, Pat Crowley. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "The Robe," technicolor CinemaScope Biblical drama, starring Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "One Summer of Happiness," Swedish-language drama, starring Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist. Plus ★★ "Ukrainian Concert Hall," color music feature.

STATE.—★★★ "The Cruel Sea," British wartime drama, starring Jack Hawkins, Donald Sinden, Denholm Elliott. Plus "South Pacific Playground," color feature.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "Green Dolphin Street," technicolor adventure drama, starring Lana Turner, Van Heflin. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★ "Four in a Jeep," drama, starring Viveca Lindfors, Ralph Meeker, Yoseph Yadin. (See review this page.) Plus "The Link," feature.

VICTORY.—★ "Hangman's Knot," technicolor Western, starring Randolph Scott, Donna Reed, Frank Faylen. Plus "The Harlem Globetrotters," full-length feature.

Films not yet reviewed

PARK.—"She's Back on Broadway," Warnercolor musical, starring Virginia Mayo, Steve Cochran, Gene Nelson, Patrice Wymore. Plus ★ "Waggons Roll at Night," circus drama, starring Humphrey Bogart, Sylvia Sydney. (Re-release.)

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457P/559P
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1. NIGHTCLUB SINGER, the famous Laughing Anne (Margaret Lockwood), has all Paris at her feet. She loves boxer Jem Farrell (Forrest Tucker), who is a contender for the world title.



2. FIGHTER Farrell ignores threats by the underworld and refuses to pull a fight. In a skirmish with the thugs his hands are badly mutilated and his boxing career comes to an end.

Laughing Anne

★ After a long absence from the screen, British actress Margaret Lockwood returns to star in Herbert Wilcox's technicolor drama "Laughing Anne."

The screenplay is based on the Joseph Conrad novel about the lovely French singer with a clear, ringing laugh who becomes involved in tragedy east of Suez.

Starring with Miss Lockwood are Americans Wendell Corey and Forrest Tucker and English comedian Ronald Shiner.



4. STOWAWAY Anne falls in love with Davidson aboard ship, but is overcome with remorse and returns to Farrell.

3. SINGING in Java to support worthless Farrell, Anne meets a schooner master, Capt. John Davidson (Wendell Corey).



5. YEARS LATER ageing Anne meets Davidson again. He begs her leave with him and bring her young son, Davey (Gerard Lohan). Anne, who is tired of Farrell's bad treatment, agrees.



6. PLOT by Farrell to steal Davidson's valuable cargo is overheard by Anne. She warns Davidson of the plan and together they arrange a trap for Farrell and his henchmen. But it backfires.



7. ANNE'S LAUGHTER ringing through the dark jungle warns Davidson that the thieves are approaching his ship. Farrell realizes that Anne has betrayed him.



8. ENRAGED, Farrell pursues Anne and attacks her with a whip. Davidson arrives in time to avenge her death and, heartbroken, sails away with young Davey, having promised the dying Anne to care for her son.

he may have been blackmailing—or whatever you like to call it—anyone at the time of his death?"

"No, Chief Inspector. No, no; none at all, I assure you. Well, I couldn't have. I never knew him privately, and in his practice—oh, no!" said Mr. Coupland, looking frightened and unhappy.

Hemingway nodded and said briefly: "All right!"

At this point the junior clerk slid into the room through as narrow an opening of the door as was possible and stood hesitating on the threshold. Mr. Coupland glanced at the Chief Inspector for guidance, but, as Hemingway did not seem to think that the intrusion in any way concerned him, he cleared his throat and said in rather a strained voice: "Yes, what is it?"

The youth trod delicately up to him and murmured something of which the only words which Hemingway heard were "Sir John Eaglesfield." They appeared to exercise a powerful influence on Mr. Coupland, for, after exclaiming in a dismayed and startled way, he said: "I wonder if you would excuse me for a few minutes, Chief Inspector? One of Mr. Warrenby's most valued clients—"

"That's all right," said Hemingway. "You go and deal with him."

Not unthankfully, Mr. Coupland removed himself.

"What do you make of him, sir?" asked Harbottle, when the door had closed behind him and his junior.

"Oh, perfectly, honest!" Hemingway replied, going to the desk where Harbottle had remained seated all this time and looking at the mass of papers on it. "How are you doing, Horace? You seem to have got enough to keep you occupied."

"I have," said Harbottle on a mordant note. "That chap was just explaining to me when you came in that things aren't as straight as he'd wish, owing to the office being so cramped, which is obviously so. He was telling me that Warrenby was determined to get an office next to the Town Hall, which he says is the best pitch in the whole of Bellingham, and he wouldn't be content with anything else."

"And I don't doubt he would have got it," remarked Hemingway.

"Nor I. I wish he had, for I should have found my job easier," said Harbottle, casting a glance round the room, which was crammed with cupboards, shelves with labelled deed-boxes piled on them, a safe, standing open, two filing cabinets, and a large bookcase.

"If there's any scheme in this town he hadn't got a finger in I can't think what it could be," he went on. "That cupboard over there is full of the stuff, and I take it I'd better go through it. He seems to have kept all his private business—letters and such—here, mostly in the safe, but this lot comes from the cupboard under the books. That's what you want me to work on, isn't it?"

Hemingway nodded. "Yes. Don't try to meddle with the deed-boxes belonging to his clients. You'll be getting into hot water if you do, and wasting your time as well. Well, I've seen some solicitors' offices cluttered up, but this fairly takes the cake! Poor old Horace!"

"Oh, it isn't in a muddle," Harbottle said. "Everything's docketed and bundled up. The trouble is there's so much of it, and what he's written on his bundles doesn't always convey as much to me as it no doubt did to him."

"Coupland no use to you?"

"Not on all these sidelines. He only knows the real business of the office. I've got hold of one bit of information I think'll

Continuing

interest you, Chief. Did you know Warrenby was the Clerk of the Peace?"

"No, but I'd have betted any money on it."

"He was appointed last year," said Harbottle. "I got it out of Coupland. Old Drybeck was laid up when the appointment fell vacant. Used to be held by some old solicitor who died just before Quarter Sessions. Warrenby slid into the job when Drybeck was away convalescing."

"Probably murdered the old Clerk to get the job," commented Hemingway, who had picked up a sheaf of letters and was running a rapid and practised eye over them.

"I could tell from the way Coupland spoke. Drybeck thought he ought to have been appointed."

"Well, I don't know that I blame them for choosing Warrenby. I should think he was an efficient bloke, which is more than I'd be prepared to say of Drybeck—on the evidence I've got so far. Yes, yes, Horace, I know what you're after! It gives Drybeck a bit more motive. You may be right, but I should think he must have got used to seeing Warrenby grabbing every job in sight. Have you come upon anything that might be of use to us?"

"Not unless you're interested in a couple of letters about Mr. Ainstable's gravel-pit, or the negotiations for the purchase of Fox House. You might like to see that, it gives you a fair idea of what the deceased was like: the way he beat the owner down. But it's old stuff."

"What was he writing about the squire's gravel-pit? Trying to buy that, too, at cost price?"

"No. It's only a letter from some firm of London solicitors, which is an answer to one from him on behalf of a client. There ought to be a copy of that, but I haven't found it yet. Must have slipped out of the clip."

"You don't seem able to find the answer, either," remarked Hemingway, watching him scuffle through the heaps of papers on the desk. "What was it about?"

"Seems Warrenby had a client who was interested in gravel, and he was making inquiries on his behalf. I put it aside to show you, but there's no room to turn round in here! His client wanted a licence, of course."

"What had these London solicitors to do with it? I thought Drybeck was the squire's solicitor. In fact, the Chief Constable told me he was."

"I don't know anything about that, sir, but these people seem to be the solicitors for the estate, or some such thing. Ah!"

"Found it?"

"No, but this must be the copy of Warrenby's letter. Got into the wrong lot. Here you are, sir."

Hemingway took the copy and read it, while the inspector continued his search.

"Two years old, I see," he said. "You were quite right, Horace. He had a client who was interested in the squire's gravel-pit. He was informed they were the proper people to apply to."

"I have the answer here now," the inspector said, adding reproachfully, "You put those letters you were reading down on top of it."

Hemingway read the letter, a crease between his brows. "Well, they seemed quite willing to do business, but I don't get the hang of this tenant-for-life business. The lease would have to be by arrangement with the tenant-for-life—oh, I see, it's the squire. And all moneys would have to be paid to these people

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for apportionment as between the tenant-for-life and the trust funds. Well, I dare say it's all very interesting. Any more of it?"

"I've found nothing more so far."

"No letters from the unnamed client?"

"No, which is why I thought it worth while to show you those two. Looks as if nothing came of the proposal. I wondered if perhaps the squire refused to do business and whether there might be bad blood between him and Warrenby over it," said Harbottle slowly, frowning over it.

"And then Warrenby started pinching the gravel for his client when no one was looking, and so the squire up and shot him. Really, Horace, I'm surprised at you!"

"If I'd meant anything of the kind you might well be! Unless you think such folly is catching!" retorted Harbottle.

Hemingway laughed. "Not bad!" he said. "But I've got something better to do than to stay here listening to you being insubordinate. Keep at it. You may find something, though I doubt it. I'll send you Morcombe in to give you a hand."

"You're not taking him to Thornden, sir?"

"No. I don't need him. He's all yours, Horace."

"I shall be glad of him," admitted the inspector, casting a

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jaundiced eye over the work awaiting him.

Hemingway left him and walked back to the police station. Sergeant Carsethorn had not yet returned from Thornden, but the station sergeant had news for the Chief Inspector. He said, with a twinkle in his eye: "Got a message for you, sir. From Mr. Drybeck."

"Oh! What's he want?"

"Told me to give you this, sir—and to be careful how I handled it, because he found it close to the scene of the crime. In some long grass by the gorse-clump. He was quite put out not to find you here."

"What's he found? A hair-pin, which he thinks must have belonged to Miss Warrenby?"

The sergeant, who had produced from the drawer of the high desk some small object wrapped in a linen handkerchief, looked up quickly. "If I may say so, sir, you're on to things pretty sharp!"

"You're not going to tell me that is what he found, are you?"

"No, sir," said the sergeant, unfolding the handkerchief. "But when he decided to leave it in my charge he told me to draw your attention to the initial."

"You'd have to, wouldn't you?" said Hemingway, surveying with an expression of revulsion a cheap, bright pink powder-compact with the letter M superimposed in imitation rubies.

"He said," continued the sergeant carefully, "that it was not for him to draw conclusions, and he would leave the matter in your hands."

"Well, that's handsome of him, at all events. I'd give something to see Sergeant Carsethorn's face when he

hears he missed this in his search for that cartridge-case. You'd better put a notice outside the station saying a valuable compact has been found. I dare say some girl's boyfriend gave it to her and she'd like it back."

"Do you mean that, sir?"

"Of course I mean it! You don't think I want it, do you?"

"I must say it didn't seem likely to me it was the sort of compact Miss Warrenby would have," admitted the sergeant.

"It isn't the sort any young lady in her walk of life would have. I never saw such a nasty, cheap job!"

"No. Of course, there is the initial. But you know best, sir," he added hastily.

"You may take it from me that I do! How many girls in Bellingham have got names with M, do you suppose? That compact wasn't by those gorse bushes when Carsethorn and his chaps searched the ground, and it wasn't there when I went out to Fox House. But I'll tell you what was there then, or very shortly afterwards, and that was sightseers. Miss Warrenby's probably had them picnicking on the front lawn, poor girl. What's more, she doesn't use powder. I've seen her! And, finally, if she did, where do girls keep their compacts? In their handbags."

"That's so, sir," said the sergeant.

"And if that's Mr. Drybeck's handkerchief, give it back to him. Hallo, here's Carsethorn. Well?"

"I've brought in the three you wanted, sir."

"Good man! Any difficulty?"

"Not with Mr. Ainstable, sir, nor yet at the Cedars. Mr. Ainstable quite saw why we wanted his rifle and made no objection at all. It was in his estate room. That's not part of Old Place, just a small kind of summer-house, which was converted so as Mr. Eckford, the squire's agent, wouldn't have to go through the house every time he went there."

He elaborated briskly: "I had a look at it, the squire taking me to it, and I wouldn't like to say the rifle couldn't have been lifted and put back later, because I think—if you knew when the estate room was likely to be empty—it might have been. Young Mr. Haswell left his rifle wrapped up in a bit of sacking and told Mrs. Haswell to give it to us if we called asking for it. Now, that rifle was found by him in the cupboard in the cloakroom, sir, and could easily have been taken by anyone at that tennis party—if they could have hidden it, which I don't think."

"What about Lindale's?"

Hemingway asked.

"Yes, sir, I have that, too. He wasn't best pleased; said no one could possibly have borrowed it without his knowing. But it wasn't him that made the real trouble over it. It was Mrs. Lindale. He wasn't in when I called and had to be fetched off the farm. She sent the daily woman to find him, though I told her I only wanted to test the rifle as a matter of routine. Very hostile she was. Scared, I thought. Only then her husband came in and she quietened down as soon as he spoke to her. Very gone on one another they are, I'd say. He said if it was really necessary for me to take the rifle I could do so, but he'd be obliged to us if we wouldn't come bothering his good lady, because she's very nervous and things like this murder upset her."

"In that case," said Hemingway, "I'm going to be unpopular, because I'm going out there to bother her this afternoon."

To be continued

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Husband Made to Order

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is my passion." He scowled and poked into the open set. To her awed ears his diagnosis sounded something like: Short circuit in the audio-video transformer. "And if that's it," he said, "it's fairly simple."

"Oh, yes," she said, "from long experience in changing light bulbs and blown fuses, I can see this job is pretty elementary."

He then insisted on unstick- ing her rheumatic kitchen win- dow. And when, panting, she said, "See?" and hit it hard, he caught her hands and laughed. "Stop trying to bully things!" He levelled it and in a gay duet they opened it.

"And now stay to supper!" He'd love to—provided she'd let him help her get it. (Ah, gone are the days of Betsy-do- it-for-me!) In fact, they fought each other trying to get the bread-box down. They com- peted to scramble the eggs. All in all, she'd never known a more successful supper.

And he, too—when much later they stood in the hall— said in his warm but crisp way, "It's all been grand." And then he added, "If it's nice, will you be skating again Satur- day?" Which wasn't exactly what she'd thought he'd ask. But she said, "Why not?"

When he'd gone she caught herself humming. "Never been so in love." Talk about con- genial people!

Abruptly, she opened her wardrobe and, smiling widely, parted the clothes and peered at the card tacked at the rear where she'd hung it, for a gag, when she had the "flu."

Her smile grew and grew as she read. Laughing, she flung into a chair, kicked off her pumps, and stretched luxuri- ously. "Abracadabra!" she said, "Made to order!"

The blithe mood was with her all week. And with her still when she and Don sat in the park cafeteria, where out of the corner of your eye you could watch the seals, showing off, diving and jiving. She kept hypnotically watching the seals all the while he was talking.

She asked, "How do you come to be in Wall Street? You don't seem the type."

And then he told her. The reason was named Lynn and she lived in New Orleans. They'd met at Tulane Univer- sity. He'd meant to go through Engineering School.

But then there was this Lynn who had an uncle on the stock exchange, where one might maybe make a lot of money fairly fast. And Lynn had al- ways had a lot of money and was fond of it.

Betsy kept nodding and ob- serving the seals. He passed her a picture of this Lynn. She was a luscious girl, with big, bloomy, black eyes and a shape of almost shameless perfection. But Betsy continued to sit there, stubbornly refusing to believe in Lynn.

"And so," he said, "that's it. She's down there. And I'm up here. And, well, do you see any harm in our meet- ing like this once in a while?" Betsy saw no harm. And felt no pain.

When she reached home this fact belatedly startled her. Compared with Lynn she was as glamorous as an Irish stew. Once this knowledge would have knocked her right out of the running. Once, yes. Now, decidedly no. Her thoughts seemed to boil down to: He's simply made for me. And he's going to be for me that's all!

"But I'm not really starting to believe this Magic of Bel- ieving—am I?" she asked her- self, astonished. And herself merely shrugged. "You know what Shakespeare said (and he was a pretty smart sayer):

"There are more things in hea- ven and earth than are dreamt of . . . There may be something in it. And if I tell myself, 'Can get him, can do!' what's the harm? And if, on the other hand, I tell myself —"

But no! She wasn't even going to fool with a thought like that.

In the next weeks they had a beautiful time, and spent very little money doing it. They ex- plored New York. Crossed famed old Brooklyn Bridge, and caught the endlessly fascinat- ing city by day and night.

They rode the Staten Island Ferry; haunted Greenwich Vil- lage and Chelsea, where the past still lived. And the U.N. building, where the future was being made. And always they were happy in the fleeting present. And again and again—in the middle of a smiling conversation—she wirelessed wordlessly to him, "Darling, can't you see—we're perfect!"

On a night cold enough to freeze your ears off they at- tended the Electrical Show. All week Don had been listening to lectures on subjects like tri- odes, tetrodes, and pentodes, which sounded like a dubious group of Greeks to her and to him were completely captivat- ing. But on the final night he guided her through Grand Central Palace, where with zest he introduced her to mechanical brains and other machines.

Later, walking up a frigid Fifth Avenue, following the white plumes of their breath, he talked electronics.

Suddenly she stopped at Fifty-ninth Street, right before the statue of General Sherman, mounted on an ice-glazed horse and led by a girl with almost no clothes on. She was Victory.

"Look," said Betsy in a rush, "it could be none of my busi- ness. But what are you doing in Wall Street? You ought to be studying electronics. You're just a natural for that stuff. And you know it." She fixed her eyes on Victory.

Don huddled lower in his collar. He said tersely, "Well, I told you how it happened."

"But any girl who cared for you would surely understand."

The tip of Don's red nose seemed not so sure.

She said offhand, "You could maybe fix TV sets by day— and study nights—or some- thing. If you wanted to."

There was no sound out of him except the chattering of his teeth. So she said, "Why are we standing here freezing?"

And that was all that was said on the subject. All the rest she had to do by silent broadcasts. "Darling, switch! Do what you really want to do. And keep me with you. I'll help you in a hundred ways."

Sometimes, as she lay in her tub or stood awaying in a crowded bus, she'd amuse her- self Believing Lynn out of the picture. It was practically her favorite dream. In it Don walked up to Lynn's white mansion house, Hollywood style, complete with sickly sweet magnolias. He rattled the brass knocker—and Lynn came out on the Gone-With- the-Windish verandah.

She stood there proudly, a classic Southern belle in all her loveliness. Then they went inside and he told her off. "Sorry, Lynn. No lack of merit on your part. You're just not suited to my needs, as Betsy is!" And Lynn bowed her polished head.

And he swung out of her house and her life.

She was baby-sitting up at the Jacksons while a wild white

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 17, 1954

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blizzarding drove against the frosted windows. But inside her twelfth-floor shelter, she was snug. She'd slipped into Tom's big, old grey bathrobe and, while the children slept, she'd washed her hair. It was bristling in fresh pin curls when the doorbell rang.

Don stood there with snow crumbs in his hair. Snow was melting on his coat and dripping in rivulets from the tip of his umbrella. But he just walked right in as though he were at home. His eyes were shining and his air abstracted.

She said, "Hi, there!" and took his umbrella before it wept pools on the floor.

"I just had to see you," he said. "And what a sight!" But she knew he wasn't scaring her with his eyes. And she thought she knew why and her heart leaped. "I did it!"

"You did?" she cried. "Give me your galoshes." He obeyed. "Yep! Quit my job this afternoon! And just now registered at Engineering School!"

"Oh! Hooray!" she cried, making the V sign.

He said, chuckling. "A sad engineer, who walked me to the subway, said I'll be studying this stuff for the rest of my life. He said guys with long, grey beards come back for courses."

She said, "You'll never have a long, grey beard."

They sat eagerly talking of his future. Quite a few Wall Street men had given him TV repairs, and Betty kept thinking of more people. And, of course, she could do the desk work for him. The follow-up and bills, and so on. Oh, easily!

He started absently playing with the cord of Tom's robot. "And now, of course," he said, "I have to tell Lynn." She started. She'd forgotten about Lynn. "I think I'll fly down there right away."

With sharpness she saw herself as the girl who gets flown from and Lynn as the girl who gets flown to. But that was a negative thought. She nodded positively. "Certainly, that's what you have to do."

On Friday he flew south for what was to be a weekend, and with him went her fine sense of security. One minute she was typing specifications for the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schutzmiller. . . . make fiat maple cradles, secured to the walls." And the next minute she was feeling like a fool—about a man who'd flown south to his girl, to talk over a change of plans with her.

The bottom dropped out of the world. Empty, she fell into

emptiness. And the feeling was so desolate she reached out frantically for all the belief at her disposal. She started fervently broadcasting on all kilocycles and with the highest possible frequency. . . . "Darling, end of her! Beginning of us! Come back and ask me. And we'll have a small wedding."

She sat at her desk, visualising the wedding. And how, of course, he'd move in with her. She started mentally shoving her furniture around. Shall we get another twin bed or a big one? She laughed aloud.

But she didn't hear from Don on Sunday night. Nor all day on an improbably long Monday. Monday night she was polishing her silver—each piece like a bright hope—when the phone rang. "Could I possibly come up right away?" he asked, his voice enigmatically with drama.

She couldn't read his face as he came in. His mouth was tense and she had to keep from kissing him. Never once had he kissed her. She smiled fiercely. "Kiss me! Now!"

He sat down on the couch, and she opposite. "Well," she said, trying hard for lightness. "All clear?"

He said, "All clear."

She smiled worriedly. "Kiss me!" and asked, "She understood?"

He nodded. "Everything." He swallowed nothing in particular and said, "O.K., I'll tell you." But their eyes met.

She jumped up, giddy with relief. "Not!" she cried. "Let me tell you! You walked up to Lynn's Southern-style mansion house. And the magnolias were blooming like mad. And Lynn came out, a Dixie dream of dazzling beauty. And then you went in—and you told her. You said, 'No lack of merit on your part, Lynn. You're just not suited to my needs. And Betty is!'" She stopped and laughed. "Isn't that what happened?"

And he, too, laughed, joyous with relief at not having to tell it. "Yes, just about," he said. "Except—no magnolias." He rose. "And do you also know?" and his voice shook. "What's going to happen now?"

"Certainly. You're going to kiss me!"

When, very late, he went to get his coat from the wardrobe, something fell into his pocket. "What's this card?" he said.

"Oh!" She laughed and tried to take it from his hand, which naturally made him want to see it. He looked down and his brows went up.

"Specifications for an Ideal Husband Whom I'm Going to Believe Into Being!" What was in that cider?" He blinked.

"Why, this is a—a—preview of you!" she cried. "I don't expect you quite to understand this, darling. It's part of the Great Mystery of Mind. A psychic feat. Is that perfectly unclear, so far?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, let's put it this way. I dreamed you up!" And she told him. Not, of course, stressing the real need that made her play with belief and, later on, wrap it round her like a comforting cloak. She made it all very merry and amusing. "And I just ordered what I wanted—and I got it!"

"Well, well!" he said. "How uncanny!" He read wryly: "Reliable . . . always and all ways . . . And yet," he mused, "unless this aged memory fails me, last week in the lobby of the Biltmore you tapped your foot and said (and I quote), 'Look, are you ever on time?' . . . And then again—that night I was to bring the meat for dinner. What did we eat that night?"

She laughed. "Spaghetti!"

He nodded. "Must stand on his own feet—do his own things." Yes, but that's another fellow entirely," he told her. "I'm the one who gets so absentminded you're forever picking up after me. Like the time when I tried to slosh soiled snow all over the Jacksons' place. . . . And now you're even going to slave in my business! No, I'm afraid this is nothing but the latest and most shameless of all the Betty-did-it-for-me deals!"

"But—"

"This I love! 'Clear in his direction—and his signals.' Here I was, groping in the fog—till you came up and put me on the beam. Steered me away from the wrong work and the wrong girl! Why, you managing, masterful woman. I bet I'm worrying you for your efficiency!" Then he looked grave. "But this worries me, darling. If this is your dream, I'm a nightmare."

"That's about enough!" she said, giggling, and this time she made a fast, successful grab.

"But now you see you didn't get what you want," he pointed out. "Do you want what you got?"

She said, "Do I?" She dropped the card into the basket. "Here lies the 'Ideal Husband.' Just too good to live!" she sighed.

(Copyright)

★ As I read the stars ★

By **EVE HILLIARD**

ARIES (March 21-April 20): If in the throes of a love affair, a storm may be brewing, February 18, 19, or friction may develop with associates. Compromise and restore peace, February 20.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): February 16 is kind to job hunters or to those eager to establish themselves on a permanent footing, while February 22 may bring additional advantages.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Hesitating between two courses of action, February 19, you may not come to any conclusion before February 21; results should be satisfactory.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): News received, February 19, may bowl you over. Distrust gossip, vague information, hearsay, no matter what the source, February 20 is certain to clarify the situation.

LEO (July 23-August 22): If the week, especially February 16, seems to be an uphill climb, with interruptions, petty annoyances, February 21 offers outings, social contacts.

VIRGO (August 23-September 22): Health should be buoyant, initiative at the peak, February 17, which also is good for earning a bit of extra money or beginning a new hobby. February 19, a mixed bag.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Steer clear of risks, personal or financial, February 16. Take particular care of children, if a parent, February 22 is fine for sound investments.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): If looking for a new place of residence or giving a lift to the old, February 17 has news. February 22 clinches the deal.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Shoot off at a new tangent, February 16, and stub your toe badly, February 19, only to come up smiling in triumph.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): You might have to scale down your ideas to a reasonable objective, February 16. Half a loaf is better than none, as you'll discover.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Make firm plans for any personal matter, February 19. This applies to health or relationships with other people. Stick to your resolutions, February 22.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Walking on air, full of daydreams, February 17? Set to with a will and you can make a part of them true.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)

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What's your secret, Mary?



"Everybody's wondering why you've looked so much better lately and saying that you seem to grow younger every day."

"Do you really think so? Perhaps it's because I decided to stop worrying. There's nothing so ageing as worry! Then I sleep well, take reasonable exercise, and have remembered that a woman is as young as she looks."

"Well, if that's all your secret, I suppose it is what we all try to do—or should."

"There is perhaps just one other thing. Between ourselves, I started taking Phyllosan a few months ago and I never miss taking my two tablets three times a day."

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Luscious Layer Cakes

BY OUR FOOD AND
COOKERY EXPERTS



Cakes as good to look at and as delicious to eat as the ones on this page will find favor with everyone—even those people whose first preference is usually for savory foods.

STRICTLY speaking, a layer cake is cooked in two, three, or more tins, and joined when cold with some type of spreadable filling.

For variety we have included with the following recipes several cakes which are cooked in layers in the one tin. These are unusual, easy to make and serve, and because of the way they are prepared several flavors and textures can be combined in the one cake without the work of mixing extra fillings.

Remember spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

NIGHT AND DAY LAYER CAKE

Six ounces butter or 5oz. substitute, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 tablespoon hot water, 3 eggs, 3 cups self-raising flour, 1½ cups milk, pinch salt, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup chopped cherries, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon coffee essence.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and hot water. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with 1 cup of the milk. Remove one-third of the mixture to another bowl, and fold in vanilla and cherries. Fill into greased 7in.

tin. To remaining two-thirds of mixture add cocoa blended with remaining milk and coffee essence. Divide evenly between two 7in. sandwich-tins. Bake all 3 tins in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Join cakes with whipped cream and top with mocha frosting.

ORANGE DATE CAKE

Four ounces butter (or 3½oz. butter substitute), grated rind of ½ orange, 4oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, ¼ cup milk, 6oz. plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt.

Cream butter or substitute with orange rind and sugar until very soft and creamy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt alternately with milk. Fill half into greased ring tin (large one), top with date mixture, spreading it as evenly as possible. Add remainder of cake mixture. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. When quite cold, coat with orange frosting and decorate top with grated orange rind and dates.

Date Filling: Soak 4oz. chopped dates for ½ hour in ½ cup boiling water with 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon honey. When quite cold, beat to a pulp.

Orange Frosting: Cream 1½oz. butter or substitute with ¾ to 1 cup sifted icing sugar and 1 teaspoon grated orange rind. Beat 1 egg-white stiffly, gradually add another ½ cup icing sugar. Fold into first mixture. Spread over top and sides of cake. Sprinkle top with extra orange rind, decorate with dates.

CHOCOLATE ORANGE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 6oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 2-3rd cup milk, 3 tablespoons cocoa, ½lb. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Orange Cream Filling: Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup sifted icing sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons orange juice.

Chocolate Warm Icing: Ten ounces sifted icing sugar, 2 tablespoons sifted cocoa, squeeze lemon juice, 2 tablespoons hot water in which 1 teaspoon butter has been melted.

Cream butter or substitute with orange rind and sugar. Add eggs one at a time, mix well. Fold in sifted flour, cocoa, and salt alternately with milk. Fill into 2 greased 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold join with orange cream and cover all over with chocolate warm icing.

Orange Cream Filling: Cream butter with orange and lemon rind. Gradually add half the icing sugar, then balance of icing sugar alternately with orange juice. Beat until smooth.

Chocolate Icing: Sift icing sugar thoroughly with cocoa, mix until

smooth and thick with lemon juice mixed with hot water and butter. Warm very slightly, pour over cake and spread smoothly with a knife.

APPLE LAYER CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, vanilla, 2 eggs, 4oz. plain flour, 4oz. cornflour, 2 teaspoons baking powder.

Apple Mixture: Three apples (peeled, cored, and grated coarsely), grated rind of 1 small lemon, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, lemon rind, and vanilla. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, mix well. Work sifted flour, cornflour, and baking powder, making a dry mixture. Spread half over base of greased tin. Combine filling ingredients, mix well to dissolve sugar (or prepare in advance, heat slightly to dissolve sugar, and allow to cool before using). Place in tin, add balance of mixture. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to stand in tin for about 10 minutes before turning carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold may be topped with lemon-flavored icing or dusted with icing sugar. Cut into wedges.

RAINBOW SPONGE LAYER CAKE

Four eggs, pinch salt, ¼ cup castor sugar, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ¼ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 scant tablespoon cocoa blended smoothly with 1 extra tablespoon warmed milk, pink coloring, warm icing, cream filling.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly with salt. Gradually add sugar, and continue beating until sugar is dissolved and mixture stands in peaks. Add egg-yolks, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, then lastly hot milk and melted butter. Fill one-third of the mixture into one greased 7in. sandwich-tin, add blended cocoa to half the remaining mixture, fill into second prepared tin. Color balance of mixture pink, fill into third prepared tin. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. When quite cold, join layers with mock cream, arranging chocolate layer on the bottom, pink layer in the middle, and white layer on top. Top with warm icing if liked, and decorate as desired.

FUDGE LAYER CAKE

One cup castor sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 1 scant teaspoon bicarbonate of soda dissolved in ¼ cup sour milk, 2 tablespoons cocoa blended smoothly with ¼ cup hot water, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, mock cream filling or fresh whipped cream, peppermint icing, chopped nuts.

Cream sugar, butter or substitute, and vanilla. Add egg, mix well. Fold in dissolved soda and blended cocoa alternately with sifted flour and salt. Mix lightly until smooth. Turn into greased 7in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven approximately 15 minutes. Cool in tins a few minutes, turn on to cake-cooler. When cold join with fresh or mock cream, top with peppermint-flavored icing, and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

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SPICED BANANAS top this simple shortcake, a sweet that satisfies in summer and winter. See this week's prize-winning reader's recipe below.

Prize banana sweet

An unusual sweet flavored with bananas, orange rind, and cinnamon wins this week's first prize of £5 in our cookery contest. Easy to make, the spiced bananas add richness to this simple shortcake.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded to other readers for recipes for ginger cookies, good for between-meal snacks, and curried eggs for luncheon.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes refer to level spoons.

SPICED BANANA PUDDING

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk, 3 bananas, extra shortening, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Add half the sugar. Fold in beaten egg mixed with milk and melted shortening. Fill into greased slab-tin. Top with banana slices, brush with extra melted shortening. Mix

balance of sugar with orange rind and cinnamon, sprinkle over bananas. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve hot or cold with cream or ice-cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Riley, 146 Gympie St., Northgate, Qld.

CURRIED EGGS

Four hard-boiled eggs, 1 onion, 1 tomato, 1 apple, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 teaspoons curry powder, 2 teaspoons coconut, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, 1 pint stock, 1 tablespoon sultanas, chopped parsley.

Brown chopped onion and apple in hot fat. Add flour, curry powder, coconut, salt and pepper. Allow to brown, add stock and continue stirring until boiling. Add chopped tomatoes and sultanas, simmer 1/2 hour. Pour over eggs cut into quarters, sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve with border of rice or mashed

potatoes, garnish with lemon. Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. W. Moss, 200 Gardeners Rd., Rosebery, N.S.W.

GINGER COOKIES

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1/2 cup chopped dates, 1/2 cup or less chopped preserved ginger, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 2 teaspoons cocoa, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, salt, cornflakes.

Cream shortening with sugar and lemon rind. Add egg, mix well. Fold in dates and ginger, then sifted dry ingredients. Mix well, roll into balls, toss in cornflakes. Bake on greased trays in moderate oven until golden brown, 10 to 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. R. Schmid, Hale St., Renmark, S.A.

Baby's clothes

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

WARM yet light material that is not inflammable is what you must search for when you buy material for your baby's clothes.

Light woollen material is ideal because it protects from the chills to which baby is so liable in sudden changes of temperature.

Wool, too, absorbs moisture without stopping the evaporation of perspiration. Clothing must allow for this, which is the reason waterproof clothing is inadvisable.

If you dress baby in cotton next to the skin, it should be a loosely woven aertex or cellular fabric so that baby's skin may "breathe."

Cut baby's clothes loose for extra warmth and make them so that they hang from the shoulders, distributing the weight of the garment equally.

A leaflet giving useful hints about baby's clothes can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Send a stamped, addressed envelope with your request for the leaflet.



QUICK, easy-to-do stitchery in American Vogart transfer patterns makes it fun to embroider with these designs. Sheet No. 201, which is now available, has a lovely variety of motifs; there are flower-filled baskets, dainty sprays, and simple cross-stitch borders. The baskets can be used on curtains, tablecloths, and linens, the small floral sprays are ideal for baby clothes, and the cross-stitch borders are effective edgings for cuffs and collars. The price of the transfer sheet is 2/6, and it can be ordered from our Needlework Department. See address on page 60.

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House of Royal memories

A small red-cushioned armchair which the Queen used as a child is still kept beside the massive hearth of an old stone fireplace in "Orchard Farm," Broadway, England.

THE chair, shown in the picture immediately below, was bought especially for the use of Princess Elizabeth by her maternal great-aunt, the late Lady Maude Bowes-Lyon, who lived in this 16th-century house for nearly 30 years.

The house, whose wide Cotswold-stone front adjoins the footpath of the village, is set in acres of gardens and wooded fields. The orchard, from which it derived its name, is reached by a series of rustic bridges which criss-cross a stream studded with miniature waterfalls.

After the death of Lady Maude, the Payton family bought the property, together

with the furniture and furnishings.

Mrs. E. L. Payton has introduced a few of her own treasures, but delights in keeping the house as it was when she went there.

Even letters from the late King George VI, signed "Bertie," which she found in a bureau drawer, have been left undisturbed.

While in Broadway I met the housekeeper who presided over "Orchard Farm" when the Royal Family were frequent visitors. She told me amusing stories about Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret when they were children.

"The Queen Mother adored her aunt and godmother," she said, "and the late King always called her 'My charming Aunt Maudie.'"—Eve Gye.



CHARMING and secluded courtyard of centuries-old "Orchard Farm," at Broadway, in the English Cotswolds, where Royalty used to stay. Tulips are blooming in the formal beds. The clipped cypress trees were brought by Lady Maude Bowes-Lyon from Italy as tiny plants. Lady Maude smuggled them into England in her closed umbrella.



ABOVE: Dining-room at "Orchard Farm." The room is kept exactly as it was when the late Lady Maude Bowes-Lyon lived there. Notice the gleaming pewter on mantelpiece and dresser. The small chair by the fireplace is the one used by the Queen as a child on her visits to "Orchard Farm."

RIGHT: The music room, which was added to the 16th-century house by Lady Maude Bowes-Lyon, who was an accomplished violinist. This picture was taken from the shallow dais in the room which overlooks the courtyard, terrace, and gardens. The piano has been moved by Mrs. E. L. Payton, the present owner, from the dais to the opposite side of the room. Much of the furniture came from Glamis Castle.



SPRINGTIME VISTA. This path in the grounds of "Orchard Farm" leads to the pond, water gardens, and stream with miniature waterfalls and rustic bridges. Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, when children, used to pick bunches of daffodils to make bouquets for their great-aunt, the Queen Mother's godmother, who then lived there.

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F3021



F3021.—Ballerina party dress designed with a wide skirt and strapless bodice top. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

F3022.—One-piece autumn dress designed with a princess silhouette. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.



F3022

F3023

**Pattern for
beginners**

F3024.—Beginners' pattern for a child's pyjama suit. The suit is styled with front fastenings and a back flap. Sizes: Lengths 25in., 29in., and 31in. for 1, 2, and 3 years. Requires 1yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/.

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F3024



F3026



F3025

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 611.—SUPER-CLOTH AND SERVIETTES
The cloth and matching serviettes are clearly traced ready to embroider with a very pretty design on pure Irish linen in white or cream. Sizes: Cloth, 36in. by 36in.; serviettes, 11in. by 11in. Price: Cloth, 21/11; serviettes, 1/6 each. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

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The set is obtainable clearly traced with a bird motif, ready to embroider. The material is British broadcloth; the color choice includes white, green, blue, lemon, pink, and natural. The bias binding for edges is not supplied. Sizes: Mat, 11in. by 17in.; feeder, 8in. by 11in. Price complete 6/3. Postage and registration, 1d. extra.

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Two prettily styled waist aprons are obtainable cut out ready to make in floral cut-out. Price, 8/11 each. Postage and registration, 9d. extra.

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Small boy's smocked romper suit is obtainable clearly traced ready for smocking and cut out ready to make. The material is crepe-de-chine available in white and blue. Sizes: 6 months, 21/6; 1 year, 22/11. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.



611

612

613

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615

COIFON

Style of the month

BY DE LORENZO SALON
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TEST PILOT

By Neville Duke

The greatest of Britain's Jet test pilots tells his whole story, from a boyhood almost exclusively absorbed in seeing, thinking, talking and dreaming aeroplanes, to his distinguished war record and his present remarkable place in the world of aeronautics.

Price, 15/6. From all Booksellers.

Knit this smart cotton blouse

Ten ounces of knitting cotton will make this attractive American blouse. It will look equally well in the office, on a morning shopping excursion, or worn with slacks in the house.

HERE are the directions for knitting and making up.

Materials: 8oz. white Milford knitting cotton, No. 8; 2oz. dark navy Milford knitting cotton, No. 8; knitting needles, Nos. 11, 12, and 13; 5 buttons.

Measurements: To fit up to 36in. bust.

Tension: About 8 sts. to lin., measured over the vertical stripes.

Abbreviations: W, white; d, dark navy.

BACK

With No. 11 needles and w, cast on 127 sts. and work in stripes as follows:

1st Row: K 1 w, * 1 d, 3 w, rep from * to last 2 sts., 1 d, 1 w.

2nd Row: P 1 w, * 1 d, 3 w, rep from * to last 2 sts., 1 d, 1 w.

Cont. to work as the last 2 rows until work measures 3in., then change to No. 12 needles and work for lin., then change to No. 13 needles, and when work measures 5½in. change back to No. 11 needles. Now inc. 1 st. both ends of the next and every following 6th row until there are 147 sts. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 13½in.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. both ends of the next 8 rows (115 sts.). Now work straight until back measures 21in.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 12 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT

Work as given for the back until the sts. are inc. to 139, ending with the 2nd patt. row. Then still inc. at the side edge every following 6th row as before. Shape for:

Front Panel and Opening: Use 2 balls of white and 2 balls of dark navy when working the vertical and horizontal stripes.

1st Row: Work in the vertical stripes patt. across 36 sts., k 29 w, turn, leaving remaining sts. on a stitch-holder, cast on 18 sts. in w.

2nd Row: P 47 w, then patt. to end of row.

3rd Row: Patt. 36, k 47 w.

4th and 5th Rows: As the 2nd and 3rd rows, but inc. at the beg. of the 5th row.

6th Row: P 47 d, drop d, then patt. to end of row.

7th Row: Patt. to the last 47 sts., k 47 w.

8th and 9th Rows: As the 2nd and 3rd rows, but adding the inc. sts.

10th Row: As the 2nd row.

11th Row: Patt. to the last 47 sts., k 47 d.

Cont. to work from the 2nd to the 11th rows, inclusive, keeping the front panel straight, but inc. at the side edge as before until there are 89 sts. on the left front—42 patt. sts. and 47 panel sts. Then work without further shaping until the left front measures 13½in.

Shape Armhole: With right side of work facing, cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then dec. 1 st. at the same edge of the next 8 rows. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 18in., ending with the 7th or 11th patt. row.

Shape Neck: (wrong side facing):

Next Row: Cast off 20 sts., then work to end of row.

Now in continuity of patt. dec. 1 st. at the neck edge of every row until 36 sts. rem. Cont. straight until front measures 21in.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 12 sts. at the armhole edge 3 times.

Place 5 pins to indicate buttons—evenly spaced in the centre of the white stripes—the first pin in the second white stripe and the last pin 2 rows below neck shaping.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 11 needles and w,

cast on 9 sts., k across these sts., then, with the right side of work facing, k 38 w, then patt. to end of row. Now cont. to work as for the left front, but reverse the shaping. That is, beginning with the 3rd row, but reading knit for purl rows, purl for knit rows, wrong side for right side, etc. Make the first buttonhole on the 8th and 9th rows as follows:

1st Buttonhole Row: K 3 w, cast off 3 sts. (1 st. on needle), k 5, cast off 3 sts., then work to end of row.

2nd Buttonhole Row: Patt. 37 sts., p 1n w, cast on 3 sts. to replace the cast-off sts. of both buttonholes.

Make further buttonholes where pins indicate the buttons.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles and w, cast on 83 sts. Work in the horizontal stripes of 4 rows in w and 1 row in d for 2in., ending with a k row. Change to No. 11 needles and beg. with another k row to reverse the cuff. Cont. to work in the vertical stripes as given for the back, but inc. 1 st. both ends of every following 4th row until 107 sts., then work without further shaping until sleeve measures 5½in. with the cuff turned back.

Shape Top: Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. both ends of the next 8 rows, then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 44 sts. rem. Then dec. 1 st. both ends of every row until 27 sts. rem. Cast off remaining sts. with w.

COLLAR

With No. 12 needles and w, cast on 112 sts. and, working in st-st, inc. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until work measures 3in., ending with a p row. Work 3 rows k, then cont. to work in st-st, beg. with a p row and dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 112 sts. rem. Cast off loosely.



NAVY AND WHITE cotton is used for this attractive knitted blouse, designed to fit sizes 34, 35, and 36in. bust.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces of work with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Join the shoulder seams. Set in the sleeves. Join the sleeve and side seams—cuff seam facing sleeve when turned back. Stitch back the front facings lightly to the wrong side, matching the buttonholes, sew the under-wrap into position at lower edge of front panel. Fold collar (right side inside) and stitch

short ends together. Turn collar right side outside and stitch to neck edge about ½in. in from each front edge of blouse. Work a row of double crochet along the bottom edge of blouse and along the cuff edge. Sew on the buttons to correspond with the buttonholes. Press the seams. Work a row of chain stitch in d at the base of the front panel to complete outline of panel.

For fit



and style



insist on



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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian
servant, with
PRINCESS NARDA, set off on
a dangerous expedition to find the
White Queen of Tabooland.
After a long and arduous

journey, they arrive in Tabooland, which resembles the ancient Mayan civilisation of a thousand years ago. The strangely dressed warriors seem quite friendly, but looking ahead Mandrake sees a horrifying sight. NOW
READ ON:



AHEAD, ATOP THE FANTASTIC
PYRAMID, THEY SEE A
BARBARIC RITE BEGINNING
--A HUMAN SACRIFICE!



MANDRAKE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY--THE VICTIM
SEEMS TO VANISH!



MEANWHILE, ON THE STEEP STAIRS,
LOTHAR BATTLES THE
ENRAGED WARRIORS--



THEY CAME FROM
THE SKY, WE SAW!
THEY ARE GODS--

SURELY, THEY HAVE GREAT POWERS!
HALT THE FIGHTING! COME, WE MUST
EXPLAIN THE FAILURE OF THE
SACRIFICE TO HER.



THEY STOPPED
ALL OF A SUDDEN.
LOTHAR, YOU'RE
HURT?

NOT BAD, SILLY
FELLAS THINK
US IS GODS.



LOOK--THE BIG
ONE BLEEDS?

THEY ARE ONLY HUMANS--FROM THE OUTSIDE!
BUT ONE IS A WIZARD, WE MUST WAIT OUR
CHANCE. BE NOT ANGRY, WHITE GODDESS--
YOU SHALL HAVE THEIR LIVES.



THE MAYANS SEEM FRIENDLY--MANDRAKE AND NARDA
WATCH AN ANCIENT GAME, HALF SOCCER--HALF BASKETBALL
(AS PLAYED IN YUCATAN, 900 A.D.)

MANDRAKE, WHAT
OF THE WHITE
GODDESS? I WE
CAME TO FIND HER.

WE'LL
KEEP
OUR EYES
OPEN,
NARDA.



A SUDDEN ROAR FROM THE
GREAT CROWD? AFTER
PLAYING ALL DAY, ONE
TEAM HAS SCORED.

TO BE CONTINUED



VEGEMITE IS RICH IN THESE 3 VITAMINS — your body can't store up!



B₁ for healthy nerves
B₂ for firm body tissue
NIACIN for good digestion — clear skin

Nutrition experts agree that to maintain your strength and build your general health you must have a *daily supply* of Vitamin B₁, B₂ and Niacin. These are three essential vitamins your body can't store up!

Vegemite is a rich source of vitamin B₁, B₂ and Niacin because it's a pure yeast extract . . . not an ordinary vegetable extract. Yeast is the richest known source of this precious vitamin B group, all of which keep your family strong and healthy.

So give your family Vegemite daily — delicious for all kinds of sandwiches

and snacks. Vegemite also adds flavour and vitamins to cooked vegetables, soups, stews, gravies and casseroles. Available everywhere in 2, 4, 6, 8 and 16 oz. sizes.

Remember! One 4 oz. jar of Vegemite contains more Vitamin B₁, B₂ and Niacin than all these foods together! 2 loaves bread; 1 lb. steak; 1 lb. peas; 1 lb. potatoes; 1 bunch carrots; 1 lettuce; 6 apples; 6 pears; 2 pints milk; 2 plates porridge; 6 bananas and 12 eggs!



PUT VEGEMITE
NEXT TO THE PEPPER AND
SALT WHENEVER YOU
SET THE TABLE!

VEGEMITE

Made by Kraft

KV41

Page 63

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear — or cut out ready to make

"LEONIE."—Smart one-piece with a shirt-waist bodice top to obtainable in printed silk jersey with a white pique trim. The color choice includes blue, aqua, brown, mustard, red, green, and navy, all printed with a white overcheck.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 57/8, 36in. and 38in. bust, 59/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 44/11, 36in. and 38in. bust, 45/9. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

"CLARE."—A button-up coat-dress with short cuffed sleeves, mandarin neckline and gathered skirt is obtainable in cotton seersucker. The color choice includes white, blue, grey, maize, pink, and beige.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 55/9, 36in. and 38in. bust, 56/7. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 38/11, 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/6. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 60. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.





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16/11



Zephyr Blue
16/11



Sun Gold
16/11



Sienna Fawn
16/11

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